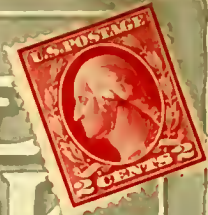


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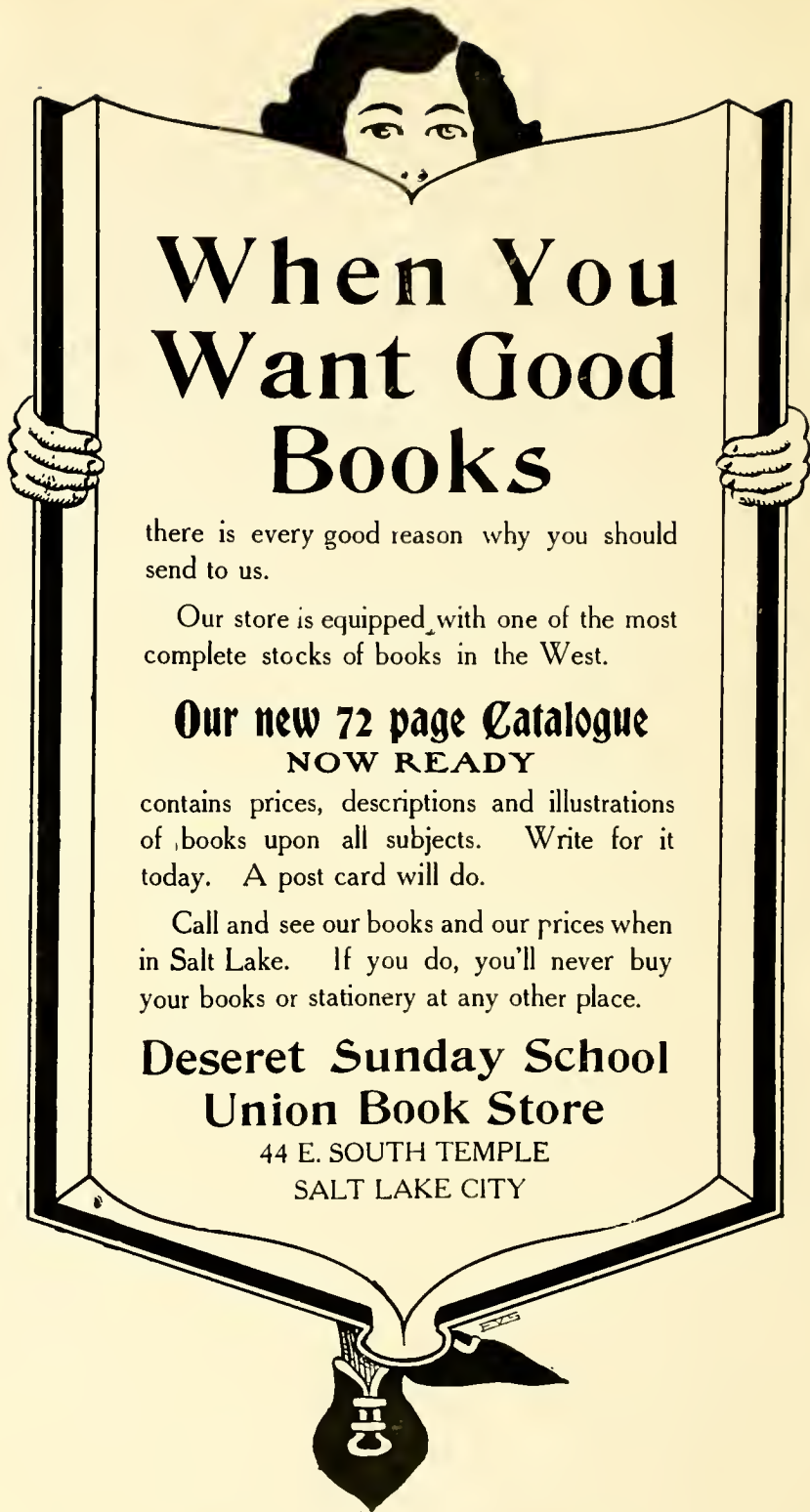
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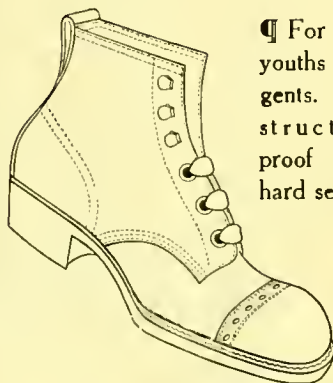
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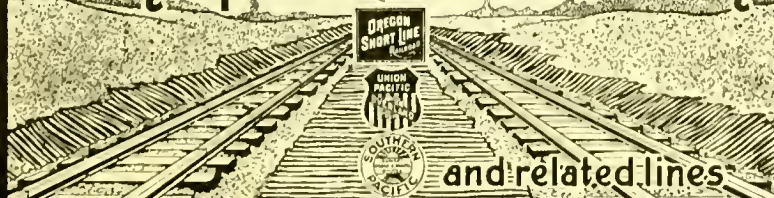
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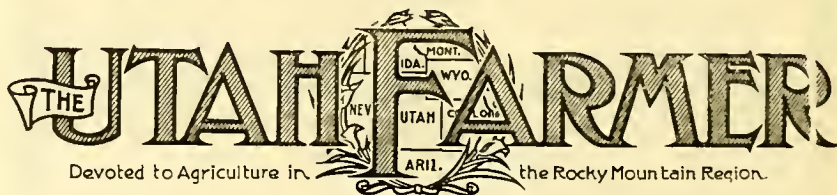
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Art.

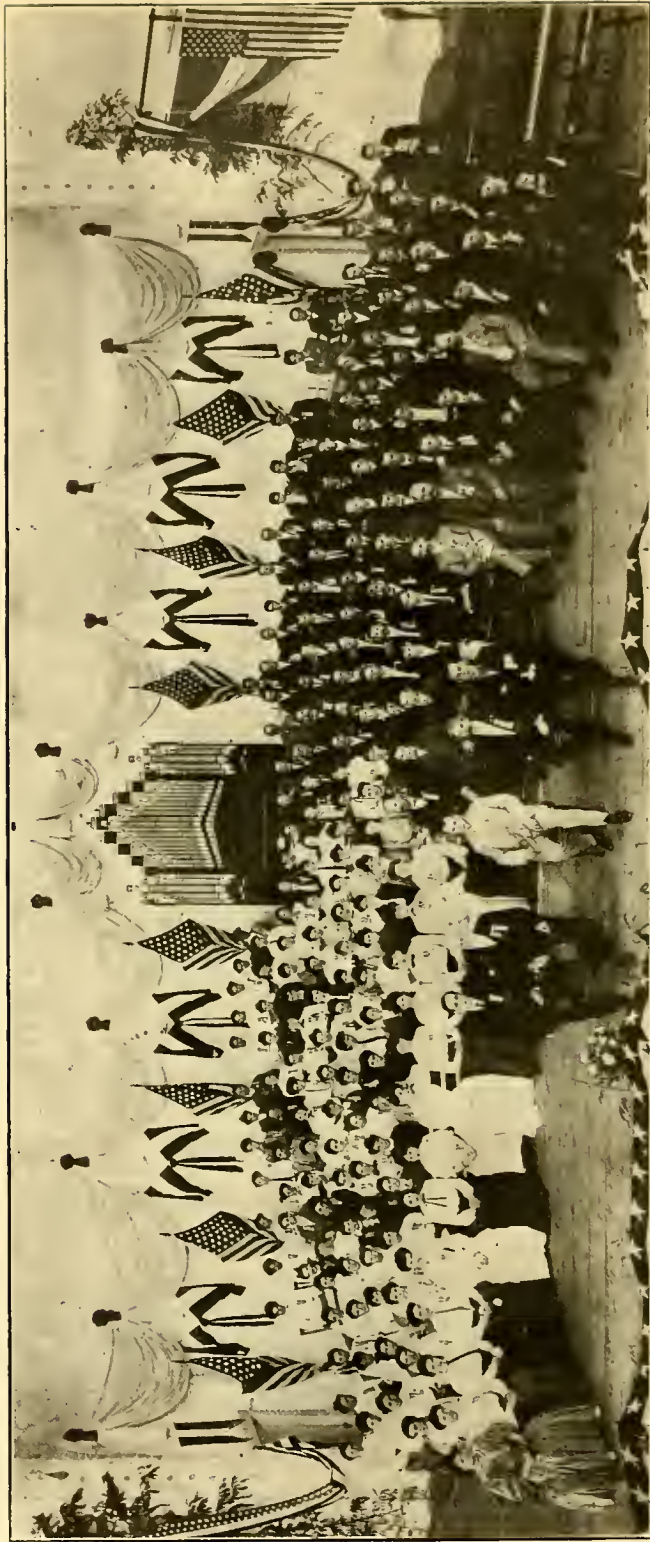
By Walter Emmett.

True Art is not portrayed alone on canvas
To dignify the monarch's gilded walls,
True Art is not alone the gloss of language
That brightens Education's spacious halls;
The brush reveals the visions of an artist,
The poet's dream is pictured by the pen.
The public eye can see the garnished trade-mark
Of shallow art,—the art of 'prentice men.

The hand that painted Nature is the artist's:
What mortal hand excells its grace or skill?
For who can beautify a simple rose-bud,
Or harmonize the modest daffodil?
And who can paint the features of a sunset
With justice to the Evening's radiant smile?
Or hear the sweet "Good-morning" of a sunrise
Portrayed in mortal man's affected style?

The voice that speaks thro' Nature is a poet's:
The honor of Erato's holy shrine.
What mortal songster duplicates in beauty
The Autumn breeze that whispers thro' the pine?
And who can speak in language more effective
Than Nature, as she hails the cheerful Spring?
Or, sings her, songs of praise in lyric ballads
To Nature's one Almighty God and King?

True Art is not the hollow, sham depictions
That Ignorance and Folly hail with joy;
Man's eyes close 'neath shrewd Satan's keen deception:
The gold he blindly grasps, is but alloy.
The brush reveals the visions of an artist,
The poet's dream is pictured by the pen;
But higher marks of art lay all around us—
These we overlook to note the art of men.



THE OGDEN TABERNACLE CHOIR AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

Central figures, from left to right: Tom Richardson, Secretary Portland Commercial Club, President L. W. Shurtliff, Director Joseph Ballantyne, Charles J. Ross, Organist John J. McClellan.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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The Ogden Tabernacle Choir.

The Ogden Tabernacle choir, under its present directorship, was organized in September, 1900, with the following officers: President, L. W. Shurtliff; manager, Chas. J. Ross; secretary, Frances Brown; organist, Della Lund; director, Joseph Ballantyne. When the Weber Stake was divided Willard Scowcroft succeeded President Shurtliff as president. Walter Poulton succeeded Della Lund as organist, which was but a temporary appointment, and Sam F. Whitaker, the present organist, succeeded Mr. Poulton. Annis B. Brown, the present secretary, took the place of Frances Brown. Director Joseph Ballantyne and Manager Chas. J. Ross have remained with the organization since 1900.

It has been the policy of the choir since its organization to hold up high musical ideals which is attested by the following works which, aside from numerous choruses in the larger forms, have been given completely: "Elijah," by Mendelssohn, the first time in Utah with the Chicago Symphony orchestra; "Lazarus," by Julian Edwards, also sung with the Chicago Symphony orchestra; "The Holy Child," Horatio Parker; "First Christmas," Whitney Coombs; "Stars of Bethlehem," F. Harker; "Forty-sixth Psalm," Dudley Buck; "Irrigation Ode," J. J. McClellan; "The Holy City," A. R. Gaul; "Stabat Mater," Rossini. As a means of education and to emphasize the importance of choral music in our religious worship, for a number of years

past, a series of musical afternoons have been given, with explanatory talks, which have proven wonderfully effective in helping the people to a higher appreciation of the best in music, and the importance of the close association of text with the music. It has also been the custom to occasionally give evenings with national composers, when music of one nation only is given with biographical sketches of the composers. Two of these were given last season when the music of American and Italian composers was presented.

The choir officers, however, have not lost sight of the fact that the specific duty of the choir is to supply suitable music for Sunday service in the Ogden Tabernacle and all who attend these meetings, are unanimous in expressing the thought that this duty has been well performed. The choir has taken a number of trips within the State of Utah, and in 1905, upon the invitation of the officials of the "Lewis and Clark" exposition, and the management of the Irrigation Congress, made a trip to Portland, Oregon, to act as the official chorus of the fair, to sing the "Irrigation Ode," written by J. J. McClellan, and to participate in the exercises of Utah day. The choir of 210 voices left Ogden the latter part of August, Arriving in Portland, the members were taken direct to the "American Inn," a mammoth hotel within the fair grounds, where 100 rooms had been provided. It was an ideal location and most convenient to

all things of interest. After a day's rest and a rehearsal the eventful time came for the rendition of the "Irrigation Ode" before the National Irrigation Congress in the Auditorium. Emma Lucy Gates was the soloist, and most splendidly did she perform the service. John J. McClellan was the accompanist, who was a tower of strength to the chorus. A perfect ovation was given the choir and soloists after the rendition of the Ode.



JOSEPH BALLANTYNE,
Director Ogden Tabernacle Choir.

For fully five minutes Mr. Tom Richardson, secretary of the Congress, stood his ground waving and attempting to stay the demands of the audience for an encore. After quiet had been restored Mr. Richardson said: "I don't blame you a bit for it is the greatest musical treat the people of Portland ever had. I want to tell you that this is the greatest 200 voice

chorus in the United States and that Mapleson in his palmiest days as a conductor never had anything better." I also want to remind you that this marvelous music has come from "Mormon" throats, that every singer in the choir is a "Mormon."

The Portland Oregonian, which had been decidedly frigid to things "Mormon," said: "Not since President Roosevelt touched the golden key that opened to the world the Lewis and Clark exposition has such an ovation been tendered any individual or number of individuals as was last night accorded the 'Mormon' Tabernacle choir of Ogden, Utah, which rendered the 'Irrigation Ode' before an assembly that packed the Auditorium from pit to dome. For fully ten minutes after the magnificent volume of the splendidly trained voices had echoed out across the Dream City the applause of the thousands of appreciative hearers continued."

The next morning was spent in seeing the sights of the fair, with the daily rehearsal at noon in the Auditorium. In the evening the first public concert was given by the choir with Emma Lucy Gates and Willard Weihe, soloists, and John J. McClellan accompanist. It was a magnificent crowd which greeted the choir. Not a seat to be had and many willing to purchase standing room. The enthusiasm was unbounded. An appreciated privilege which was greatly enjoyed was the presence of the famous cartoonist (who so recently died), Homer Davenport, a personal friend of Miss Gates, who requested the privilege of introducing the soloists and choir to the audience, and who at the opportune time the same evening presented Director Ballantyne, W. E. Weihe, J. J. McClellan and Emma Lucy Gates with specially cast handsomely engraved badges "as a token of good will and appreciation of leading Portland citizens." Mr. Davenport also paid a glowing tribute to the choir and

soloists, and extended a complimentary invitation to visit his farm of pure Arabian horses and blooded fowls of which he was a great lover. The farm was within the fair grounds. At the close of the concert and before the vast audience Senator Blaylock invited the choir to be the guests of Governor Mead at the Washington building the next afternoon, which was accepted and the appointment kept. The Portland papers were most complimentary in their reports of the concert.

"Germany boasts of her canaries, Utah her nightingales. And Utah will not remove her hat." Such were the words of the Oregon Journal next morning, and in part added: "In its work last night the choir revealed the three predominating qualities of choral work—spirit, color and volume. It sang the 'Soldiers' Chorus' from Faust, with that fire which people little dreamed existed outside of the Metropolitan Opera House. The ovation was tremendous, and from then on the audience was wildly enthusiastic. Greater appreciation be it said to Portland's credit has rarely been manifested here on any occasion. Joseph Ballantyne, the conductor, is of the right school, and competent to the end of his baton. Miss Gates sang the solo in 'Inflamatus' and 'Pearl of Brazil,' with wonderful effect. Mr. Weihe was tendered an ovation no less merited. J. J. McClellan, organist of the second instrument in the world—the Tabernacle organ in Salt Lake City—plays with remarkable depth and technical skill."

The next morning was spent with Homer Davenport on his farm. He personally directed the company and gave his lectures and explanations in a most charming manner. The afternoon was spent in sight-seeing and as guests of the State of Washington. The evening again, in concert with the same soloists, with entire change of program, and with the pleasant sensation of having to turn more than one

thousand away because the building which seated 5,000 would not accommodate them. After the concert Director Ballantyne was made the recipient of a handsome diamond pin, the gift of the choir. The entire company were then escorted to the New York building as guests of President Goode of the exposition, who also had as his guests the governors of all the states. An incident which spoke eloquently for the strong hold that temperance had upon members of the choir was furnished at this reception. While waiting on the beautiful vine-clad verandas an order was given within that all be served with champagne. Presently waiters were tripping among them with big trays of the sparkling fluid. Some few thought it was punch and partook, a few others did the same thinking it was cider. Quickly, however, the real character of the beverage was made known, and the rest of the glasses were returned untouched. The message was conveyed to the French steward, who had charge of the serving. He scratched his head and gesticulated strongly. His demonstrations increased with the return of each waiter. He picked up glass after glass tasted its contents and concluded it was all right. He was dumbfounded. Never before had champagne come back to him in that manner. What was the matter? Finally one of his countrymen made the discovery and said: "Zeze arteests are 'Mormons' and drink no wine." The declination of the choir was borne to President Goode who afterwards commended the singers for their resolute course and wished all young men and women would follow their example. Utah day was fittingly observed the next day. The choir and soloists took part and furnished the program of music. President Goode made a speech, an excerpt of which follows: "I want to tell you another thing. The best single exhibit of the entire exposition is the coming of the Ogden

'Mormon' Tabernacle choir to Portland. We debated the propriety of the undertaking. When we hesitated we were assured that the choir would draw great numbers of people. The men who came here and promised that have made good in a manner not dreamed of by us. Your sweet singers have drawn more people into the fair from Portland and surrounding cities and states than any other attraction



HOMER DAVENPORT.

the fair officials have had to offer the public."

Reception after reception was given the choir, a number having been declined because of the lack of time. The crowning event of the choir's visit to the Lewis and Clark exposition was the monstrous reception given in honor of the choir by the Portland Commercial club in their elegantly appointed rooms, which occupy the entire building. Aside from the choir members there were 1,000 invited guests in attendance. The choir sang a number of choruses, and Mr. Weihe

and Mr. McClellan furnished the solos. Great enthusiasm prevailed and Mr. H. M. Cake, president of the Commercial club, in a laudatory speech said, among other things: "I shall think far more of these rooms occupied by the Portland Commercial club after having been honored by the presence of these sweet singers from Utah."

The Associated Press has this to say of the choir:

"Portland, Aug. 24.—The 'Mormon' choir of Ogden, Utah, sent here at an expenditure of \$10,000 by the citizens of Utah and the Lewis and Clark Commission to be here during the sessions of the National Irrigation Congress and to participate in the celebration of Utah day at the exposition, has been accorded a reception unprecedented in this city. The Lewis and Clark Auditorium, which has a seating capacity of approximately 5,000 persons, has on each of the first three nights of this week been unable to accommodate the throngs at the building and hundreds of people have as a result been refused admission."

After a week's stay at the fair, which to all was ideally enjoyable, and with the blessed assurance that through honest devotion to art ideals and proper conduct and deportment, the choir and soloists had added another wreath of honor and glory to our great State of Utah, the homeward journey began by boat to the Dalles. The financial end of the trip was admirably taken care of by Hon. Fred. J. Kiesel and President L. W. Shurtliff, while Charles J. Ross, as manager, was the patient capable man who attended so satisfactorily to the needs of all. In another issue a resume will be given of the Ogden Tabernacle choir's trip to Sacramento, where they went to again sing the "Irrigation Ode" at the National Irrigation Congress, held in that city in 1907.

What Might Have Been.

By John Henry Evans.

Everything lay blistering and baking in the sun.

The rolling country beyond the Sweetwater blistered and baked and sent up again angrily the waves of heat that shot down hotly upon its upturned face.

The rabbit brush, the sage bushes, and the weeds that grew up here and there to the right and the left, before and behind, tried hard to look green and pleasant and inviting to the eye and the tongue of the beast that was compelled in that hard land to browse for its meagre life, but *they* blistered and baked till they were hot and wilted and dry and grew resigned to a fate they could not change.

But what about the sand that lay between these clumps of bushes and weeds? It blistered and baked, too, as the bare feet of many a boy and girl that day could testify, who had trudged wearily over the beaten road that stretched between the Salt Lake Valley and the Missouri river. But, unlike everything else on the burnt surface of that God-forsaken land, it rose into the air along the road like huge clouds as if to escape above the earth to where it might be cooled by a whiff of breeze. For had any puff of air ventured down below among the dust and sand and bushes it would have instantly been sucked up by that blistering and baking sun.

And the horses and the mules and the work cattle blistered and baked till you would have thought they would drop in their tracks. As it was, they panted like the hart in the Bible, and their tongues hung out almost to the ground. The dogs stuck like glue to the bits of shade under the moving wagons, looking as if they were essential parts of them—and nothing could induce them to come out except the stopping of the teams and then only

because hope of life lay alone in moving about from one hot spot to another, a single spot being too sulphurous for any extended comfort.

And the people, oh, the people! To say that they blistered and baked that broiling September mid-day is too pitifully inadequate to be set down. The most inured of the old men, seasoned pioneers of many summers, stared grimly ahead as if their only hope lay in some oasis ahead which they knew of but which they despaired of ever reaching. They, like the dogs, stuck determinedly to the wagons, though for a different reason. The women trudged along too, now on one side, now on another of the train of wagons, and now behind, a thin, painfully resigned look on their faces, as if they were saying over and over again to themselves, "All this is not of our doing nor of our seeking!" The boys and girls, those of them who were old enough and hardened enough, walked barefoot. The baking and blistering was distressingly literal in their case. They would run gingerly ahead or out to one side, and then sit down in the dust, holding up both feet for a brief respite from the hot sand. Meanwhile, every breathing thing was choked and suffocated at every breath with the dust that had vainly tried to escape into the upper air.

"Halt, there!"

A voice rang out midway of the company, and the speaker's arms gesticulated wildly for those in the rear to stop.

"One of Mrs. Smith's oxen down!" was the explanation a dozen times repeated as men and women and children came running from fore and aft.

"Dead?" some one on the outer circle inquired.

"Don't know—very likely!" some one else ventured. And then a third

voice, its owner evidently thinking that some explanation was called for by the occasion—or was he talking because hope of life lay alone in moving about from one hot spot to another, a single spot being too sulphur-cause he had nothing to say, as is so often the case in a crowd?—‘Anything’s likely to drop dead in this bake-oven;’

“Aye, so it is—so it is!” asserted several voices, as if their feelings of hardness against the weather were somewhat relieved by the expression.

But even here was the inevitable dissenting opinion, or at least an opinion that would draw nice distinctions between things, for a new voice drawled out: “Then for why don’t we all drop dead, I’d like to know?”

No one ventured to inform him. The man who had condemned the weather, whether reasonably or unreasonably it mattered not, had expressed the general feeling.

“Which ox is it?” broke out another inquirer, “not that useless old fellow as could only hold up its yoke?”

“Not on your life!” said the man who had in a manner defended the heat. “It’s her best ox, I’ll wager my whole outfit!”

“Just so,” ventured the one who had been so generously approved in his remark against the sun. “It ain’t likely as this here bake-oven would cut down anything but the best! Did you ever see nature take off of our hands what we didn’t need? And he looked defiantly at the former speaker. But nobody hazarded a reply. Again he had expressed the universal sentiment.

Meantime, there lay the ox, a fine big fellow, dropped apparently dead in his tracks. As the pessimists in the crowd had guessed, it was not his mate—one that could, as a matter of fact, be spared as easily as anything in a company could be spared where everything was necessary,—but himself actually the finest animal in Mrs. Smith’s

entire outfit. And there everybody was stupidly and helplessly looking on, either saying nothing or saying what would best be left unsaid and wondering how Mrs. Smith would get along without her best ox. There was nothing apparently that anyone could do under the circumstances but look on and wonder, for it was certain that the ox would die. Not the heat so much as poison was doing its mischievous work.

Captain Nettlesome pushed himself bruskiy through the thickening circle round the fallen animal. He had been considerably ahead, and had not known what was going on till he had reluctantly observed the crowd in his rear.

“What’s the matter, now?” he demanded, in his gruffest tones.

No one answered. The next instant his eyes fell on the poisoned ox.

“Well,” he went on, glancing round on the crowd, “someone unyoke him.” And as nobody showed any inclination to obey he fired up and shot this at everybody in general: “Don’t stand there gaping at a dead ox like a pack of idiots! Do something! Why don’t somebody do something?”

“Because,” spoke up Mrs. Smith, in even tones, “because it’s my ox and I’m just thinking what I ought to do.”

“Your ox is dead, madam, and there’s no need to be thinking about what to do. There’s only one thing to do, and that is to unyoke this ox, leave him here, and drive on!”

“And how am I going to drive on, prav, when I have nothing to drive on with?” Mrs. Smith asked.

“That’s neither here nor there!” the captain exclaimed, wrathfully. “What’d I tell you before you started, hey? Tell me that!” And as she said nothing, he answered his own question: ‘That you’d be a burden to us all, a hindrance—that’s what I said to you.’

The two glanced at each other. There was more in that glance than

met the eye of those who saw it. The man's eye was full of coarse exultation at the apparent fulfillment of his words—full of the glut of a mean triumph of a mean, revengeful spirit. The woman's eye, saddened by what had happened, was yet full of determination, as if the end had not come. It was only a glance, as I have said, for his eye fell before her piercing look.

A moment the two stood thus. Then she turned, passed through the crowd, and went to the rear of her wagon. Joseph, her ten-year-old son, as ever, was by her side.

"Jump in there, Joseph, and get me that bottle of consecrated oil," she said.

Joseph gave her a look of astonished inquiry, but did as he had been told. He issued forth from the opening in the wagon cover with a bottle of olive oil. Mrs. Smith took it, passed through the opening in the crowd again, and walking up to her brother, said:

"Joseph Fielding, I want you to choose two of our most faithful brethren here and administer to this ox."

Silence had fallen on the crowd. They had a sort of premonition as of something about to happen. They experienced the feeling of being in the presence of a powerful, dominant personality. As Mrs. Smith uttered these words a gasp ran through the group. They looked at one another in wonderment. This request upset all their notions respecting the practice of this religious ordinance. Hundreds of times they had been present when men and women and children had been administer to and recovered. But they had never even heard of a dumb brute being anointed with oil and prayed over. It was a thing that took them off their feet, so to speak.

But why should it? A horse is a horse and an ox an ox. But there are times when a single horse or an ox is worth a hundred thousand at another time. Nay, there are times when to save the life of an ox means to save the lives of many human beings. And

this was one of them. It would be hard indeed to overestimate the worth of Mrs. Smith's animal, now lying as good as dead.

No doubt Joseph Fielding had at first the same qualms as the crowd, but if so he quickly recovered. For, taking the oil and choosing a couple of men from those who stood nearest him, he went with them to the prostrate ox. There are times in your life when you do something you are asked to do with the most unwavering faith. It was such a time for Mr. Fielding and his two brethren. They went forth to administer to this brute with the same feelings of faith that they would if they had been about to anoint and pray for a sick person. The feeling on the part of most of the encircling group was one of profound curiosity. Captain Nettlesome's face exhibited a combination of consternation and disgust at so audacious a thing.

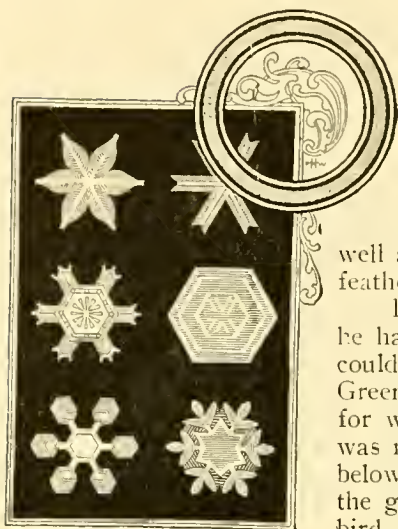
One of the men poured some oil on the ox's head between the horns, saying the usual words as he did so. Then another of the men confirmed the anointing, all three having their hands on the animal's head, rebuked the poison from its system, and prayed the Lord to spare its life as so much depended upon it.

No sooner had the men taken their hands off the ox's head than up it jumped as well as it had ever been. And it looked round at everybody with its great eyes as much as to say, "Let's be going out of this dreadful place—it's awfully hot!"

And everybody went to his own wagon forgetful of the intense heat, and the train of wagons moved on, and the sun continued to rain down its arrows on the sand and the bushes and the dust to rise into the air to some cooling breeze but only to fall again on the cattle and the wagons, and into the throats of the people, and everything blistered and baked as before.

The Snowflake that Helped Make an Iceberg.

By Mary L. Hammatt.



SOME OF THE FLAKES.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, a tiny Snowflake came sailing down with his brothers and sisters into a valley away up among the high mountain-tops of Greenland.

This little Snowflake had traveled much in his long lifetime, sometimes as a raindrop, sometimes as a mist particle, as well as in his present shape, which was that of a feathery white star.

If the Snowflake could remember all the places he had visited—and he has never told us that he couldn't—he must have thought the mountains of Greenland a very dreary place indeed for a home; for when he settled and looked about him, there was nothing to be seen but the long white valley below, the snow-caps of the mountain-tops, and the gloomy grey sky up above; not a tree, not a bird, nor even a boy.

The prospect wasn't very pleasant; but he concluded to make the best of it. So he settled down in his bed and before long he was covered up by other Flakes, so that he couldn't see anything at all, but could only feel.

He could feel, however, and after awhile he felt that his feathery arms were being pressed closer to his body, and that he and all the other little Snowflakes were growing round and smooth and getting closer and closer together.

When the sun shone very brightly, all the little Flakes grew warm, and thawed a trifle; then when the darkness came, so still and cold, they froze very hard. This freezing and thawing kept on for a long time, until one fine morning they awoke to find themselves firmly frozen together into blue and white ice, beautifully striped. At the same time they discovered that they were much farther down the valley than before. They had traveled so very slowly that they really hadn't noticed it at all.

The Flakes began to look about them now. They found they were a part of a huge ice-river flowing slowly, oh, so slowly, down through the valley to the sea; for in Greenland it is too cold for these rivers of ice to melt and form rivers of water.

As the ice-river flowed along, it scraped and smoothed off the big rocks of the mountain-sides and the valley bottom, and carried the broken pieces along, just as our rivers of water carry along the sand and mud washed from their banks by their flowing.

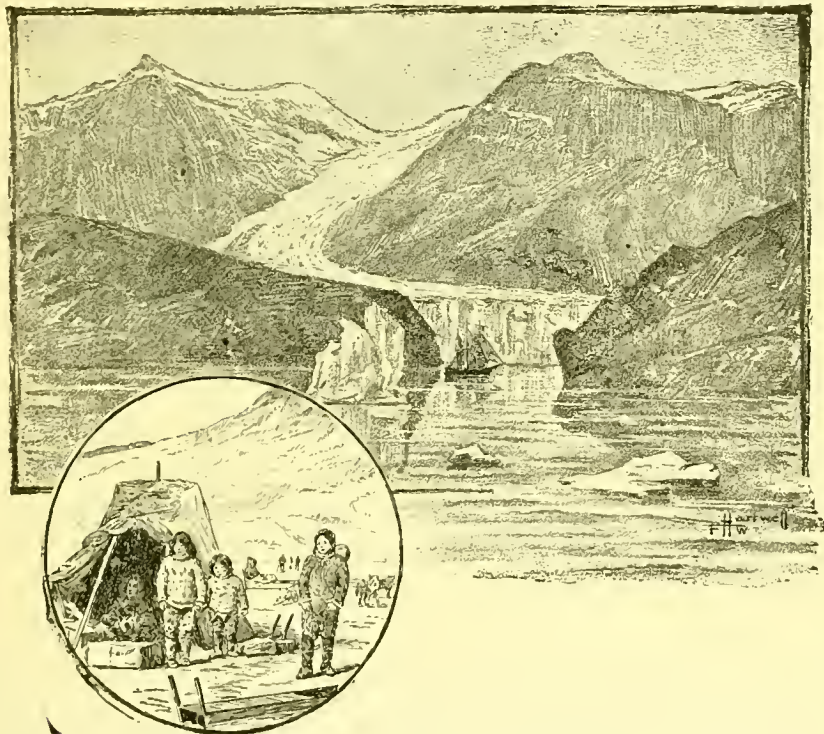
(We find rocks today all polished and scoured by just such immense ice-rivers, or glaciers, which flowed over them long, long ago, before there were people here).

It doesn't take long to tell of the little Snowflake's travels from the high valley in the mountains to the sea: but no one knows exactly how long a time he spent on the journey, though it is said that he never at any time went faster than sixty feet a day.

But when the Snowflake reached the sea at last, he saw very strange sights.

He saw the Esquimaux mothers in their white trousers carrying their little naked babies in their hoods, and Esquimaux fathers out in their kyaks spearing seals. These kyaks were canoes made of sealskin, and he saw some of them stuck up on poles out of the reach of the hungry dogs, who are very fond of gnawing sealskin. He saw the funny little ice houses, too, in which these people lived, for he was near the edge of the glacier now, where he could look across the bay at the village.

All at once the Snowflake heard a crack—crack! boom—boom! very near by; he felt himself go down into the water, then up, then down, then up—until



THE HUGE RIVER OF ICE.

away he floated out into the bay with all his brothers and sisters packed close to him still. He heard a shout across the bay, and as he looked up he saw the little Esquimaux boys running up from the beach. Chasing after them was a huge wave which broke on the shore.

Did the little Snowflake, all hardened into ice, know, I wonder, that he was part of a big, big iceberg now? and that the iceberg made that huge wave when it broke off from the glacier and fell over into the water?

Away sailed the iceberg, slowly and gracefully, like a big, big ship. It kept along its course with hundreds of others towards the south, growing smaller and taking on strange shapes as it went, turning over occasionally when it got topheavy. As it sailed, it dropped its load of dirt and stones to the bottom of the ocean, scaring the little fishes, and finally, little by little, it melted away entirely.

Then our little Snowflake found himself a little waterdrop once more, a



THE ICEBERGS

part of that big ocean which holds so very many little waterdrops. And did he rest there? Not long. The waterdrops have not time to rest—they have work to do.

No doubt already he has started again on his journey to the clouds, and perhaps you may see him come down again, a little raindrop, in the very next shower.

Flowers.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

We call you beautiful, soulless things,
 Yet great withal your mission—
 To cheer, to breathe forth sympathy,
 Emblems of peace and purity,
 Blest messengers of love!

Soulless? Aye; but soul-inspirers.
 In our hearts you liveth on,
 With old-time, tender memories,
 As gentle, low-toned harmonies,
 To bloom again in song.

And when we reach the Land Supernal,
 We shall find you over there;
 Flow'rs beauteous, flow'rs radiant,
 That in Heaven's wondrous air,
 Grow more fragrant, bloom more fair.

Observations on a Trip Through Southern Utah.

By Wm. A. Morton.

On the 25th of April last, in company with Elders Stephen L. Richards and Edwin G. Woolley Jr., the writer left Salt Lake, to attend the Sunday School conferences of St. George and Kanab Stakes. On boarding the train we received a kindly greeting and hearty handshake from President Joseph F. Smith, who was on his way to Los Angeles. After breakfast the following morning, the President entertained us for an hour with interesting bits of missionary experience. We reached Modena about eleven a. m., and, with the President's blessing upon our labors, set out for St. George.

In the afternoon snow and rain began to beat upon us, the roads became very heavy, and cold weather contributed to the unpleasantness of the trip. But the thought that we were in the service of the Lord cheered and encouraged us. After a sixteen-hour stage ride, at 5 o'clock in the morning, we came in sight of Dixie. Half an hour later we drew up in front of the postoffice. What a change! The sun shone bright, the birds were singing their morning songs, the roses and lilacs filled the air with sweet perfume, and apricot and peach trees gave evidence of abundant crops. It seemed

as if we had just entered Paradise. Then the thought came to us: so it will be at the end of life's journey. The way is often "full of trials;" but "weary not," for at the last there will be found sweet rest in the Paradise of God.

We were cordially welcomed by Brother and Sister George E. Miles, and in a few moments were fast asleep in the comfortable beds they had provided for us. The Sunday School conference the following day was well attended. Some Sunday School workers traveled over 100 miles to be present at it. The timely advice of Superintendent Richards will, when carried out, raise the schools of the stake to a higher standard.

At 4:30 Sunday afternoon we left St. George to visit Hurricane ward, a distance of twenty miles. We traveled for a number of miles over a splendid piece of road, made by convicts from the Utah Penitentiary. And as our wagon rolled smoothly along we were reminded of the words of the poet:

"And I've learned not to look for perfection

In one of our frail human kind;
In hearts the most tender and loving
Some blemish or fault we can find.



ST. GEORGE AND THE TEMPLE.

But I have ne'er found the creature
So low, so depraved, or so mean,
But had some good impulse, some virtue,
That among his bad traits might be
seen."

Some of these convicts may never be able to "make good" again; but there is one thing they can do—make good roads.

We arrived in Hurricane about ten o'clock in the evening, much later than we calculated. Too late to hold a



SCENE NEAR ST. GEORGE.

meeting? No, indeed! The meeting-house was filled with people, who had waited an hour and a half for our coming. We suggested that the people be dismissed, but the suggestion was met with disfavor, and a short meeting was held. What the people of Hurricane have accomplished in the short space of six years is little short of miraculous. The father of the ward,

Bishop Samuel Isom, entertained us royally at his home, and at 7 o'clock the following morning we were on our way to Kanab.

It is with regret we report heavy losses in cattle and sheep in this part of the country. The weather has been very severe, and a great many sheep, lambs, and cattle have perished. Within a radius of a quarter of a mile we counted thirty dead cattle. Many of these had come down to two small lakes to water. After drinking heartily they found themselves held fast in the mud, and being unable to extricate themselves, perished. At 9:30 in the evening we rolled into a place called "Pipe Springs." Here we found a family by the name of Colvin, in charge of the old fort there. Some years ago Brother Colvin and his family moved from Utah to the Big-horn Basin, Wyoming. Some time ago his farm became inundated, and he was obliged to leave and return to Utah, to start life afresh, although he is well along in years. Those Colvin people taught us a lesson of pluck and perseverance. Notwithstanding the loss they had sustained, they uttered not one word of complaint. They spoke in terms of the highest praise of the man who induced them to leave their home in Utah to go to Wyoming. There alone in the desert, many miles from the nearest neighbor, they "work and wait, and watch and pray," firm in the belief that in the near future they shall be once more established in their own home among the Saints. After supper, we were shown to our beds. Brothers Richards and Woolley were assigned to a bed which was occupied by President Brigham Young when he made his trips south. I envied them a little, but the next morning, after they had got up, and while they were preparing their toilet, I slipped into their bed for a little while, so that I might be able to say I, too, had occupied President Young's bed.

Six Thousand Miles With the "Mormon" Tabernacle Choir.

Impressions of the Manager.

VI.

After the Cleveland concert our special train started on a night run to Buffalo, enroute to the great falls of Niagara.

It was a matter of keen regret to me that we did not sing in Buffalo, but on my booking tour I found every hall engaged. The city owns a large convention auditorium in which is installed a magnificent organ, the one that was built for the Pan American Exposition. But it was impossible to secure a date. I brought to bear every influence possible to get in Buffalo, but without avail. The most prominent impressario in that city was a lady named—well, courtesy to the gentler sex prevents me from disclosing her identity. I was directed to her studio in the residence section, and upon reaching my destination encountered a very handsome woman, evidently of great social influence and distinction. She was much interested in my proposition to bring a chorus of 200 singers to Buffalo until she came in contact with the word "Mormon." Then she rebounded like rubber. A sickly, incredulous smile enveloped her features, and she kept up a perpetual negative shake of her head during the rest of our conversation. I left with anything but a pleasant feeling, but was not disheartened.

I hunted up the former manager of the American concerts of the Sheffield Choir, but as no hall could be secured, negotiations were off, and so we did not sing in Buffalo.

Our choir train reached Buffalo at 7 o'clock a. m., October 30th, and five minutes later left for Niagara Falls. Our visit to this wonderful natural attraction was one of extreme pleasure. In the face of all that has been written concerning these beautiful and stupendous cataracts, it would be pre-

sumptuous for me to attempt any description of my own. But I cannot refrain from quoting from the reflections of Charles Dickens upon visiting the great falls.

"It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.



ELI H. PEIRCE,
Father of the Choir Tour.

"Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of Mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the Dead, great thoughts of Eternal Rest and Happiness: nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an Image of Beauty: to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, for ever.

"Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that Enchanted Ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what

Heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

"To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the

do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid: which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God."

At Niagara, the only delay experienced on our trip was caused by a few members of our party missing the electric cars on the Canadian side and being obliged to walk back over the suspension bridge. The train men were good natured, but I was informed that the delay upset the schedule of the entire New York Central system. However, we were able to get to Rochester that evening in time to fulfil our engagement at the Convention hall.

The Rochester papers give the story of the concert, and some of the articles are reproduced.

COMMENTS.

Rochester Post-Express, Oct. 31, 1911.

Interest in the Mormon choir, the choir which sings in the great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, was sociological quite as much as it was musical. To tell the truth, that interest was greater than the rather meager audience in Convention hall might seem to indicate. For to most folks Mormonism means polygamy and, while people were curious to see how the Mormons looked as a body—whether they were intelligent, spiritual-minded, happy—many persons undoubtedly stayed away from the concert from a feeling of instinctive aversion. Those who went scanned the faces of the choir—there were some two hundred of them—for the stigmata of Mormonism, remembering the hard faces of some of the elders as shown by pictures in books and magazines. The choir must have sensed this feeling—especially the women—for they looked as though they felt that they were on trial. Some of them are very good-looking; but the majority are rather plain, while faces indicative of spirituality are few. Men and women alike look as though they felt that the hand of the world was against them, and they hurl



GEO. C. SMITH,

Assistant Treasurer Choir Tour.

shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river, as stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough.

"I think in every quiet season now, still do these waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy,

back scorn for scorn. As a choir they sing well; but the virtues of their singing are those of a large sonority, vigor and emphasis rather than delicacy of shading and the fine things in vocal art which we associate with the Sheffielders and the Toronto people. Evan Stephens has drilled them into an effective choral machine and their singing of Dudley Buck's setting of the Forty-Second Psalm and the Finale to Coleridge Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha" was highly effective. Some of the voices are excellent; others, however, have more quantity than quality. * * * One of the most pleasing numbers of the evening was the conductor's "Evening Song" [Christmas Song], sung by women alone. The "Lucia" sextette, sung by fifty solo voices, and a huge choral background was also notable as an example of what can be done by sheer choral drill. How thoroughly these Mormon musicians study may be gathered from the fact that every member of the choir sang his or her part from memory. If we could only welcome these Mormon men and women as Christians, we should beseech them to come again.

Rochester Advertiser, Oct. 31, 1911.

For some reason or other Rochester failed in its reception of the big Mormon Choir at Convention Hall last night. The audience was regrettably and most undeservedly small and if on religious grounds people stayed away, it is only fair to remark that they deserve to have missed the unusually good exhibition by the famous organization. Rarely is a chorus as even and well balanced as this western choir, and another noteworthy feature was the singing of the entire programme from memory, which enabled the singers to pay more attention to the conductor, and the results were very evident. The opening number, the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," was a fine introduction, while in the Dudley Buck arrangement of "God Is Our Refuge" from the forty-second psalm, and the selection from McClellan's Irrigation Ode the chorus rose to a volume of tone together with a splendid shading, long to be remembered with pleasure. Miss Evans, who was to sing the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," was unable to appear and Mr. Ham [Hand] substituted for her, giving the "Celeste Aida" very pleasingly. Miss White, a harpist, and Mr. Weihe, violinist, varied the programme with instrumental numbers,

though probably the most enjoyable solo work of the evening was Mr. Ensign's beautiful, rich bass voice, exceptionally sweet and smooth, in the "Gypsy Sweetheart" from Victor Herbert's "Fortune Teller," which delighted the audience so thoroughly that it was repeated. Great credit is due Mr. Stephens, the conductor, whose splendid work and careful training count so much in a concert of this description.

Rochester Democrat-Chronicle, Oct. 31, 1911.

The best things were the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust," sung with precision and spirit; the "Death of Minnehaha" from Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" and Dudley Buck's "God Is Our Refuge." This last number was very effectively done and caused one to feel that the chorus could do good work with better music.

The soloists were Mr. Hand in Verdi's "Celeste Aida" and a number from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Miss White, harpist, in Thomas's "Autumn" and an encore; Mr. Weihe, violinist, in Viex-temp's "Fantasie Appassionata" and a berceuse of Sauret; Mr. Ensign and the chorus in a number from "The Fortune Teller."

The accompanying was especially well done by Mr. McClellan at the piano and Mr. Kimball at the organ. These gentlemen furnished just the right assistance and background for the chorus and soloists.

Rochester Herald, Oct. 31, 1911.

The Irrigation Ode, a part of which was sung, is composed by Mr. McClellan, who was the accompanist of the choir in this number, which introduces into the finale the air of "God Save the King" or the melody sung to "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Mr. McClellan has supplied some good music to this and the choir did justice to it. Mr. Stewart, [Stephens] who has held the post of conductor to this choir for twenty-one years, directed last night's concert. His voices obey him and his signs, but there is something lacking. There is a crudeness about the whole atmosphere. We trust when they sing in New York City that they will feel more at home and do justice to themselves. The concert was under the local management of James E. Furlong.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY, - AUGUST, 1912

Home Training Bulletin.

The Agricultural College methods of studying poultry and hog raising are now being applied to the problem of raising boys and girls. William A. McKeever, Professor of Philosophy in the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, has published a series of eight 16-page bulletins as follows:

- No. 1 The Cigarette Smoking Boy.
- No. 2 Teaching the Boy to Save.
- No. 3 Training the Girl to Help in the Home.
- No. 4 Assisting the Boy in the Choice of a Vocation.
- No. 5 A Better Crop of Boys and Girls.
- No. 6 Training the Boy to Work.
- No. 7 Teaching the Girl to Save.
- No. 8 Instructing the Young in Regard to Sex.

Each bulletin contains a careful

study of its problem based upon experience, with the help of scientific methods where possible. The treatment of the topics is concrete and thoroughly practical—designed to give to parents definite suggestions as to the best methods of raising boys and girls. Numbers (3) and (6) are notable in their recommendation of many good “old-fashioned” methods of training boys and girls to help in and about the home, together with warnings against some old-fashioned abuses. Number (1) is a splendid exposition of the evil effects of the cigarette smoking habit. Every boy has a right to this information, and every father should see that he gets it. Number (8) deals with a generally neglected, but vitally important subject. Moral purity lies at the foundation of the future well being of the human race. The Latter-day Saints have always appreciated this fact and supported the principle of chastity by the strongest religious sanctions. Scientific study of this problem brings very powerful support to religion. Here religion and science must co-operate in bringing about the temporal as well as the spiritual salvation of the human family. Parents and teachers should be alive to the dangers of present-day social life, and to the best methods of protecting youths from these dangers. This little bulletin is a splendid introduction to the subject. The footnotes and bibliography offer ample guidance for further study.

We commend these bulletins to Sunday School officers and teachers, and to all parents.

The bulletins may be had for 2

cents each retail, or 1 cent each wholesale, by addressing

PROFESSOR WM. A. MCKEEVER,
Manhattan, Kansas.

Utah Agricultural College.

The Utah Agricultural College (at Logan) is an institution of, for, and by the people. Its courses deal with

vital living questions in Agriculture, Home Economics, Agricultural Engineering, Commerce, Mechanic Arts and General Science. Its graduates are prominent in the industrial development of the West. Its student life is clean, democratic and very vigorous, a fine preparation for citizenship. It is leading the State's march of progress.

Heirs of the Celestial Kingdom.

A question has been submitted concerning the vision of the Prophet Joseph (see "History of the Church," Vol. 2, page 380), in which he beheld the glory of the Celestial kingdom and in that kingdom saw, among others, his father and mother and also his brother Alvin, who had died years prior to that time.

Joseph Smith himself, to whom this glorious vision was made manifest, was surprised to see his brother Alvin among those saved in the Celestial kingdom, inasmuch as Alvin had died prior to the establishment of the Church and had not been baptized for the remission of his sins. Plainly, the vision given to the Prophet was not a presentation of conditions as they then existed, but was a vision of the future. It is not to be assumed that at that time (1836) Alvin had attained exaltation in the Celestial kingdom; indeed, it would be as reasonable to assume that the Prophet's father and mother had then attained Celestial exaltation, whereas both of them were living in the flesh. As Joseph pondered over the meaning of the vision the voice of the Lord came to him, saying:

"All who have died without a knowledge of this Gospel, who would have received it if they had been permitted to tarry, shall be heirs of the celestial kingdom of God; also all that shall die henceforth without a knowledge of it, who would have received it with all their hearts, shall be heirs of that kingdom, for I, the Lord, will judge all men according to their works, according to the desire of their hearts."

This revelation is not to be interpreted to mean that the intent is to be accepted for the deed, and that those who die without a knowledge of the Gospel, but who would have accepted it had its glad tidings reached them, will thus be saved and exalted without compliance with the laws and ordinances of the Gospel. The requirements of faith, repentance, and baptism, both of water and of the Spirit, apply to all, whether living or dead. Through the mercy of God it is provided that those who die without hearing the Gospel message but whose desire was to serve the Lord, and who would have accepted it had they had the opportunity, shall yet find that opportunity; and when they have accepted the Gospel in the spirit-world the necessary ordinances of baptism, ordination, etc., shall be performed for them through their kindred still in the flesh. For this work,—the vicarious service of the living in behalf of the dead—the Latter-day Saints rear and maintain temples and officiate therein in saving ordinances.

Neither Alvin Smith nor any other person has entered, or can enter, the Celestial kingdom without compliance with the requirements of the Gospel. Even Jesus Christ rendered obedience thereto; and were the unbaptized to be admitted the words of the Savior Himself would be made void, for He declared: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John 3:5).

The Terms, "Prophet," "Seer," and "Revelator."

Please explain the meaning of the separate terms "Prophet," "Seer," and "Revelator," as applied to the President of the Church.

The term "prophet" both by derivation of the word itself and by its scriptural use denotes one who receives, interprets, and proclaims the revelations of God. His message may pertain to matters of past or present importance and not to the future alone. Prior to the time of Samuel, one endowed with prophetic power was called a "seer;" thus runs the record: "For he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer" (1 Samuel 9:9). The specific office of the prophet is included in that of the seer, as are the powers of the "revelator." (See Mosiah 8:15, 16.)

The function of the three may be and commonly are combined in the

same person; and he, when authoritatively called and divinely invested, stands as an intermediary between Deity and mortals. As a seer, he is permitted to behold in fitting plainness the manifestations of Divine purpose and plan; as prophet, he is enlightened to comprehend the meaning and will of his Lord; as revelator he is empowered and oftentimes commanded to proclaim the same to the people.

For fuller treatment of the subject see "Improvement Era," Vol. 9, No. 2, December, 1905, p. 156, (Article "Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the Living God.") See also "The Articles of Faith," page 231, note concerning the term "prophet" on page 237, and Lecture on Revelation, pp. 308-313.

Getting Acquainted With Mother.

One girl, at the close of school, said: "I just love vacation. It gives me such a good chance to get acquainted with mother." Her friends laughed at her quaint expression, but there is a good deal of truth in that strange remark. School girls do not have much time to get really acquainted with their mothers—to settle down for those long, confidential, chummy talks which delight the heart of every mother as well as every daughter. Five days of each week are spent in school, Saturdays are for outings and the doing of little odds and ends that need straightening out, Sundays are for rest and relaxation, evenings are for study and occasional social gatherings. And

where is the time for intercourse between mother and daughter? But when summer comes, it is different. Another girl remarked recently, "I am going to learn to sew this summer."

"So you can help your mother with the mending?" she was asked.

"Well, it is partly that," she replied, "But I particularly want to learn to sew so I can be with mother while she is doing it." It is easy to imagine the talks those two will have over their mending this summer.

The opportunity is at hand, girls. If you do not "get acquainted" during the summer, it will not be because the opportunity was denied you.





SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay
and Stephen L. Richards.*



CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

SUBJECT—CHURCH ORGANIZATION (Continued).

FIRST SUNDAY—PROPHETS AND APOSTLES SENT OF GOD.

(Luke 11:49.)

“Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send them prophets and apostles.”

SECOND SUNDAY—CALLED OF GOD AND NOT OF MEN.

(Gal. 1:1.)

“Paul, an apostle, (not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead;)”

THIRD SUNDAY—GOD'S FOUNDATION FOR HIS CHURCH.

(Eph. 2:19-20.)

“Now therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God;

“And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.”

SACRAMENT GEM.

(Deseret S. S. Songs, No. 45.)

In remembrance of Thy suffering,
Lord, these emblems we partake,
When Thyself Thou gav'st an off'ring,
Dying for the sinner's sake.
We've forgiven as Thou biddest
All who've trespassed against us;
Lord forgive, as we've forgiven,
All Thou see'st amiss in us.

The Attendance Mark.

Progressive schools are not content unless they can report frequently one hundred per cent in attendance of officers and teachers at 9:30 prayer meeting and the regular session of Sunday School. This is the proper ideal to work for, and every honest effort put forth to attain it is most commendable. But we must not make the one hundred per cent mark the end in itself; for it is only a means to a higher and nobler end. The presence of all the officers and teachers is but a means. Each one is present for the purpose of inspiring the children to love Truth, and to guide the soul in its search for Truth. If a teacher be absent, this end, that day, so far as that one teacher is concerned, cannot be attained.

But, we are asked, suppose a teacher be present at the 9:30 prayer meeting, and the superintendency appoint him to visit his department in a neighboring school, inasmuch as he is engaged in Sunday School work, should he not receive credit for being in attendance at his own school? Suppose, we answer, that the local superintendency appoint one half of the officers and teachers to attend Quarterly Conference, would it be the truth to credit them as being present in

the Sunday School as well? Would any little child that day be blessed by their presence in the school? Would the voices of those at Conference be heard in the school—either in song, testimony, or instruction? Plainly, the purpose of having the teachers present would not be attained, and therefore they should not, and cannot in truth, receive an attendance mark. Only fifty per cent of the teachers could be present that day.

An explanation, however, should be made, and the excuse mark given. The number of excuses is recorded as well as the number in attendance. In this connection it might be well to say that only legitimate excuses should be accepted, and whenever an officer or a teacher finds it impossible to attend, he should make all possible effort to get his excuse to the superintendency before 9:30 a. m. Sunday morning.

For a common standard then, in all the schools, let it be understood that no attendance mark be given for an absentee, no matter what the circumstances; but if the absence be excusable, let the record so show. In this way, while the report may not always be one hundred per cent, the record will still be ideal, and what is best, it will be truthful.

A Blessed Secret

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, until nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day.. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely until the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day.

Do today's duty; fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.. God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days.

We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of a brave, true, holy living.

Librarians' Department.

Books for the Home Library (Continued).

[Prepared by Karen M. Jacobson, Library Organizer of Utah.]

HEROES OF GREECE AND ROME.

- | | | | |
|-----|--|------------------|------|
| 6 | H. S. Hawthorne, N. Tanglewood Tales; a Second Wonder Book, illustrated by G. W. Edwards..... | Houghton | 2.50 |
| | These stories are told in a style and English which make them classic though they are not equal to the "Wonder Book." | | |
| | Wonder Book, illustrated by Walter Crane..... | Houghton | 3.00 |
| | One of the classics that the children should know in the wonderful color illustrations of Walter Crane. | | |
| 7 | H. S. Kingsley, C. The Heroes; or Greek Fairy Tales for My Children | Baker and Taylor | 1.50 |
| | Probably the greatest and most truthful rendering of these stories. Kingsley has brought out strong ideals of moral as well as physical courage. | | |
| 7-8 | Lambs, C. Adventures of Odysseus | Heath | .25 |
| | Even Lamb's Story of the Wanderings of Odysseus seldom stirs the little folk as does Palmer's translation in which the poetry and swing of the great epic are preserved. | | |

Get the following to read aloud in the home circle:

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| 8 | H. S. Homer. Odyssey, tr. by G. H. Palmer..... | Houghton | .75 |
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HEROES OF THE NORTH

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|-----|--|----------|------|
| 6-8 | Baldwin, J. Story of Siegfried..... | Scribner | 1.10 |
| | This is not an adaptation either of the Nibelungen lied or the Volsunga saga, though the material has been drawn from both German and Norse sources. | | |
| 7-8 | Chapin, A. A. Story of the Rhinegold..... | Harper | 1.25 |
| | This is the story of Siegfried as Wagner used it for his great opera, "The Nibelungen Ring." The story is full of good and evil and so suitable only for older children. | | |

KING ARTHUR STORIES.

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|-----|---|----------|------|
| 5-6 | Radford, M. L. King Arthur and His Knights..... | Rand | .50 |
| | This is probably the best edition for an introduction to the Morte d' Arthur, because the stories are based on the interest in battles. The finer meaning of chivalry is left for later years. | | |
| 7-8 | Pyle, H. Story of King Arthur and His Knights..... | Scribner | 2.50 |
| | The most attractive of the King Arthur books. Beautiful in thought, expression and illustration. But the old English, while it perfectly suits the subject, is somewhat difficult for children to grasp, so the Pyle books are suggested for later reading after the story has been introduced. | | |
| 6-8 | MacLeod, M. Book of King Arthur..... | Stokes | 1.50 |
| | An attractive version, "Go after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown." | | |
| 7-8 | Frost, W. H. Court of King Arthur..... | Scribner | 1.50 |
| | The stories are told as a party travels through England stopping at the places made famous by their association with Arthur's name. Because of the inclusive story it is difficult for younger children to understand, though the stories themselves are unusually well told. | | |
| 7-8 | Knights of the Round Table..... | Scribner | 1.50 |
| | Sequel to Court of King Arthur. | | |
| | H. S. Lanier, S. ed. Boy's King Arthur..... | Scribner | 2.00 |
| | One of the best versions, though difficult for younger boys to read. | | |

SOME INTERESTING BOOKS ON TRAVEL, HISTORY, AND BIOGRAPHY.

6-7	Barnes J. Giant of Three Wars.....	Appleton	1.25
	Covers the war experiences of General Winfield Scott.		
6-8	Coffin, C. D. Boys of '76.....	Harper	2.00
	"One of the historical stories which children enjoy. The author's personal prejudices can do little harm in treating this period."		
7-11	S. Finnemore J. Peeps at Many Lands: France.....	Macmillan	.75
	The limited number of books on travel in France gives this volume an added value.		
7-11	S. Finnemore J. Peeps at Many Lands: India.....	Macmillan	.75
	This series represents, perhaps, as good material in travel for older children as any in print.		
6-8	Finnemore J. Peeps at Many Lands: Japan.....	Macmillan	.75
	See note above.		
11	S. Fiske J. War of Independence.....	Houghton	.50
	A study in causes and effects.		
11	S. Griffiths, W. E. Brave Little Holland.....	Houghton	.75
	The brave struggle of Holland with the sea and with Spain.		
7-8	Grierson, E. W. Peeps at many Lands: Scotland.....	Macmillan	.75
	Travel with the addition of much Scottish legend.		
6-8	Kieffer H. Recollections of a Drummer Boy.....	Houghton	1.50
	The author served in the 15th regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers.		
6-7	Lippincott, S. J. C. Merrie England.....	Ginn	.35
	A new edition of a well known book.		
H. S.	Lummis, C. F. Some strange corners of our country.....	Century	1.50
	The Grand Canyon, the Pueblo Indians, etc.		
6-8	Moore, C. W. Life of Abraham Lincoln.....	Houghton	.25
	An unusually well conceived and well written biography. Not very long and full of interest.		
H. S.	Parton, J. Captains of Industry (two volumes).....	Houghton, each	1.60
	Short sketches of busy men.		
6-8	Richards, Mrs. L. E. Florence Nightingale.....	Appleton	1.25
	Inspiring, sympathetic but not emotional: a biography which has proved its power to interest girls.		
5-8	Richman, J. & Wallace, J. R., Good Citizenship—American.....		.45
	Presents both useful and picturesque side of city's various departments.		
5-7	Schwatka, F. Children of the Cold.....	Educational	1.25
	This volume never fails in its appeal to children.		
8-H.	S. Scudder, H. E. George Washington.....	Houghton	.75
	"Mr. Scudder has presented just what the boys need."		
7-8	Tappan, E. M. In the Days of Queen Elizabeth.....	Lothrop	1.00
	A very attractive biography. Will interest girls especially.		

FICTION.

4-5	Anrud, H. Lisbeth Longfrock	Gin	.50
	A story of Norwegian peasant life.		
6-7	Alcott, L. M. Little Men.....	Little	1.50
	Life of boys at a delightful home school.		
6-8	Little Women, illustrated by Merrill.....	Little	1.00
	Same illustrated by Stephens.....	Little	2.00
	This story has become a classic.		
7-8	An Old Fashioned Girl.....	Little	1.50
	Same illustrated by Jessie Wilcox Smith	Little	2.00
7-8	Altsheler, J. A. Young Trailers.....	Appleton	1.50
	Pioneer life in Kentucky with several Indian adventures.		
7-8	Aldrich, T. B. Story of a Bad Boy.....	Houghton	.70
	New England life. A very natural, not a very bad boy.		
6-7	Amicis, E. de Heart, a School Boy's Journal; tr. by Isabel F. Hapgood	Crowell	.75
	Not so much for a child's reading as a picture of Italian boy life of interest to older children, teachers and parents. Good to read aloud.		
H. S.	Barbour, R. H. Weathby's Inning.....	Appleton	1.25
	Story of athletics which present high ideals of honor.		

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

Convention Results

The season of conventions is over. What harvest has been reaped from them?

Speaking from the Parents' Class viewpoint, there have come several important results—some disappointing, some very satisfactory.

If we were to judge by the record of attendance alone, we might conclude that the Parents' Classes are not progressing very remarkably. The attendance is, generally speaking, not what it should be, not what the importance of the work demands. More parents should be reached, more homes must be influenced if our work is to bring the results we seek. No supervisor, we feel, should be satisfied on this point, until he does get the active attention of the majority of the parents of his ward, and until he can command, when the situation demands it, parents enough to bring desired reforms into being.

It is not to be expected that every Sunday should see the parents out in full force. We should find it hard to accommodate them if everybody came. Yet, it is most desirable and practicable, we feel, to have the work of the Parents' Class felt in the majority of homes, and several times every year the parents should be brought together in force. Let the supervisors plan something worth while—a parents' social—some reform movement, some fetching program that will draw out the strength of the class. Let them aim to get and keep in attendance a larger class than ever before. We want to make this year a record-breaker in attendance.

The Parents' Class and the Ward.

"As with the Parents' Class, so with the ward" is one slogan sent in by a certain stake. A live Parents' Class

certainly means a great deal to the ward activities. Our bishops are gradually coming to realize this. It was a very gratifying return of the conventions to feel that the ward and stake authorities are appreciating more than ever before the meaning of our great movement.

The Bishops and Parents' Class.

There is a growing effort on the part of the Bishopric of various communities to keep in the closest touch with Parents' Class. They are beginning to feel that here is their golden opportunity to get closer to the hearts and desires of the fathers and mothers of the ward. Bishop Taylor, of the Provo Third ward is especially enthusiastic on this point. He says that the Parents' Class has enabled him better to know his people than any other means yet afforded in the Church. He tried to visit the people in their homes once a year. It was all but impossible to carry out this plan, so he turned to the Parents' Class and there, he tells us, he has solved his problem. The discussions that have taken place there have put him in closer touch with his people in far less time than any system of home visiting could possibly have done. This testimony of Parents' Class work is appreciated. We commend it to all our bishops, and we urge that if they will join with us in our efforts, we can be of untold help to them.

We are coming to feel that the bishop or one of his counselors should be one of the teachers of the class. Not that he need to take the burden of the work; he probably should not be the head teacher, for we cannot expect him to attend Union meetings and do other special work required; but the Parents' Class should feel his strength, and have him present often

to help 'n the work. The parents' work sh'uld be reinforced constantly in the ward meeting.

Another Gratifying Result.

Parents' Classes are doing real Parents' Class work more than ever before. We are learning gradually what our distinctive mission is—and better still, we are steadily acquiring the habit of doing things. It has been our delight within the year to see various Parents' Classes handle some vital problems in their communities, in a way to bring immediate and satisfying results. We have called on our various stake supervisors for a report of things done. Our hope is to publish the reports as they come, in the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*. They will, we feel sure, make all our classes realize that the Parents' Classes are a real moving force, and the force is growing steadily.

It is not lack of high ideals, but lack of concerted effort to bring about those ideals, that we most need. People must learn to solve together the problems that vex us all—this was one great thought Dr. Giddings of Columbia recently left with us.

The Doctor is right. And our Parents' Class is the "concerted effort" we can use to solve many of our problems. We are gradually learning how to get together, think together, and act together for the purity and uplift of our homes and our children.

Interesting the Younger Parents.

The problem of getting the younger parents out, is still with us. Many parents who need the work most haven't yet got the Parents' Class habit. Considerable progress, however, is being made in this matter. Some wards are overcoming one phase of this trouble by establishing a Sunday School nursery, in which the babes can be cared for while their mothers get the help they need by attending the class.

Another commendable effort is being made to interest the theological student at times in Parents' Class topics. When some subject, vital to all, is being taken up by the Parents' Class; when some skillful lecturer has been brought into the community, the theological and Parents' Classes are often joined.

We feel that, with reason, this is an excellent thing for both classes. Parents and children should often study together—should be companions in thought. The practice of bringing the older children and parents together to discuss matters close to their highest interests, must result in breaking down the feeling that young people often have against dealing with parental problems, and it ought to result in increased interest in both classes.

One duty of the Parents' Classes is to help increase the attendance of children in Sunday School. It will help bring results to have the parents know better the thoughts of their boys and girls by working with them.

The Work of the Juvenile.

Almost without exception, the various stakes have approved the work of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* for the Parents' Department. Some few have desired the reinforcement of the text books; but all have agreed that through the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, the classes can be kept moving together, that the work can be made more vital and up-to-date. A decided effort is promised to increase the circulation of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* among our homes, and to encourage the reading of it by the parents. It is our hope to make this effort worth while by filling the Parents' Department with things worth reading.

Taken all in all then, we feel that our Parents' Classes are moving forward steadily and effectively. We are learning how to think and work together; we see more plainly our distinctive mission; we are being more

appreciated by our authorities, and receiving their help; we are gradually interesting the younger parents and those of marriageable age in our work; we have found through the medium of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR an effective way to present our work.

What we want is a decided increase in attendance in our classes. Boost and we shall get it. Do things and it will come. When they come, feed them; you can't catch a horse with an empty bak twice. Get the authorities to back you by backing them, and your classes will need more room.

GET ALL YOUR PARENTS OUT at least once or twice or three times a year, to a social, a splendid program, or to join in some great effort to better your community.

Suggestive Topics for September.

I. Opening of School.

1. A good start is half the battle.
2. There have been several solutions to this problem of keeping children out of school in the fall in agricultural districts.

- (a) Opening school in October and having a shorter year.
- (b) Beginning in August and running school for half-day sessions, in order that children may help their parents.

Discuss the above plans.

3. Get acquainted with the teachers early in the year.

We suggest that the teachers and members of school board be invited to participate in this discussion.

II. Attendance at Sunday School.

1. Study your Sunday School statistics.
 - (a) When does the greatest falling off in attendance occur?
 - (b) Why do children of the Intermediate and Theolog-

ical grades leave Sunday School?

- (c) To what extent are parents responsible? Wherein can the Sunday School be made more attractive during those years? What can teachers do?
- (d) What sort of religious teaching does boy and girl nature call for during the adolescent period?
- (e) What steps can parents take individually and collectively to reinforce the Sunday School officers and teachers to get and keep the boy and girl in Sunday School?
- (f) To what extent can and should parents know the child's lessons during this period?
- (g) What kind of religious activity does the boy or girl of the adolescent age enjoy most? How can such activity be provided—by the home? by the Sunday School?

Invite your Sunday School teachers and superintendency to participate with you in the above topics.

III. Religious Training of the Child.

1. In the home.
2. In the auxiliary organizations.
 - (a) What are you doing to train your children in the cardinal principles of the gospel?
 - (b) What difficulties do you meet in getting them to attend to their prayers, to keep the Sabbath Day holy, to refrain from evil-speaking, and profanity, to speak the truth, to attend their organizations, and otherwise to live the lives of Latter-day Saints?

- (c) When and how should such training be begun and followed up?
- (d) What can you do to reinforce the efforts of the organizations that are working to help us in these important matters?
- (e) Invite your religious workers to join you in discussing this vital subject.

A Suggestion.

Now that summer is over, shall we not plan something to bring together our parents? Why not a social? a fruit festival? a harvest home? or some other festive occasion to warm our hearts and bring us all out? Such a beginning will give our work new life, and help us the whole year. Let the supervisors think up something original in the line of Parents' Class entertainment to start things going merrily.

Theological Department.

*John M. Mills, Chairman; James E. Talmage, Geo. H. Wallace, Milton Bennion,
Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.*

Second Year.

Paul Before the Sanhedrin.

This body consisted of about seventy men who sat as judges, much the same as the Greek Areopagus. On various occasions Paul met this body and probably was at one time a member of it. He saw Stephen condemned by it and was forced long afterwards to defend himself for accepting the same faith. The hall of the Sanhedrin was just outside of the temple walls, on the west toward the city. His equality with them, probably through his former associations with them, led him to address them "men and brethren." The main body of Paul's defense is not reported, but only a condensed account. No practical orator would have thrown out at once so abrupt an appeal to partisan zeal. From verse nine, chapter twenty-three, the inference is natural that he told the story of his conversion, and pleaded the voice of the risen Jesus as his justification before the Sanhedrin, as he did before the multitude and before Agrippa; and had used it as an argument for the Resurrection, as he did before the king. What he had

done in bringing the Gentiles into the kingdom was in accordance to the command of the risen Messiah. It is quite probable that while he was speaking of the Resurrection, Paul perceived some manifestations of sympathy on the part of the Pharisees and disapproval on the part of the Sadducees.

Paul said "I am a Pharisee." All parties have their good and bad sides as did the Pharisees. Their selfishness and their hypocrisy were accretions of evil upon the truth at the foundation of their system. These, Paul opposed with all his soul. At these Jesus launched his terrible "woes." But on the question of the resurrection and the future life which distinguished the Pharisees from the Sadducees, Paul heartily sided with the latter, and in this he was a Pharisee.

The true leaders of the Pharisees had given a prominence to the Resurrection doctrine which it had never had before. They taught an ethical rather than a sacrificial religion. Many of them had been, like Nicodemus, secret disciples of Jesus. At this very time there were many avowed Pharisees among the members of the Christian church. Being a Pharisee did not

therefore, involve even a tacit disclaimer of his faith in Christ. It was rather as if he had said: "I am one with you in all that is truest in your creed. I invite you to listen and see whether what I now proclaim to you is not the crown of completion of all your hopes and yearnings. Is not the Resurrection of Jesus the one thing needed for a proof of that hope of the resurrection of the dead of which you and your fathers have been witnesses?" There were two motives which would lead Paul to take the course he did. Consciously or unconsciously he was using in the cause of truth the principle "divide and conquer," so often perverted and misused. Paul shrewdly used the diversity of the council to escape from their condemnation, but it was the shrewdness of pure honesty and sincerity, seeking to advance the cause of the Lord rather than his own safety. Yet it brought safety. "Honesty" proved to be the very "best policy."

Surely no defense of Paul for adopting this course is required, but our admiration is due to his skill and presence of mind. Nor need we hesitate to regard such skill as the fulfillment of the promise, that in such an hour the spirit of wisdom should suggest words to the accused, which the accuser should not be able to gainsay. All prospect of a fair trial was hopeless. He well knew from past and present experiences that personal odium would bias his judges, and violence prevail over justice. "My only crime," he urged with passionate earnestness, "is that I preach with a strange success the great doctrine of the Resurrection, the maintaining of which at all risks, in an unbelieving and faithless generation is the reason of existence of the whole Pharisee sect."

May we not even say that to the Pharisee he became as a Pharisee in order to save some, to lead them to see the crown of fulfillment of the hope in which he and they were at one, in the person of Jesus, the Res-

urrection and the Life? That the apostle's action met with divine approval seems evident from verse eleven.

"And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

Paul's appeals are no less interesting. Note his trials one after the other.

Fourth Year.

In continuing the discussion of the doctrine of the Resurrection, it is to be noted that some important non-Christian religions and pagan philosophies, have held that the body is necessarily bad, the source of all evil, and that it is, therefore, to be despised and suppressed until the spirit becomes entirely free from it. The Christian doctrine of the resurrection is at once a renunciation of this view. It was, therefore, inconsistent for professed Christians to develop the ascetic life so dominant, as an ideal, in the Middle Ages, and even earlier in the history of Christianity. This is one evidence that the Church Fathers and Mediaeval saints were influenced more by pagan than by real Christian thought. The perfect man is the complete man, body and spirit, not a half man; but the body is to be purified and sanctified and made the glorified instrument of the spirit.

The two following lessons on immortality, including pre-existence and the degrees of glory in the hereafter, offer boundless opportunities for harmonizing the gospel with right and reason. The immortality of the spirit, at least, if not of the body also, has been the general opinion of the most progressive races of mankind. This opinion is abundantly supported by scripture and also by the greatest thinkers among men. The advocates of this doctrine have, however, always to contend with a type of materialism that has had some currency from the

time of Democratus. This view of the soul as mortal was popularized in ancient times by the Epicureans, whose shallow teachings were taken up and adopted by many of the more lax and corrupt of the upper class in Rome. These views were revived with modifications by Thomas Hobbes in England near the beginning of modern times. They were given wide currency in France in the eighteenth century, and became very popular with the social democracy in Germany in the nineteenth century. It is to be noted that these movements often represent a re-action against everything that is, and a desire to produce a revolution in government, society, and religion—a revolution that is largely destructive in its nature. In opposition to this the most profound and constructive thinkers in history have maintained that mind is the great eternal reality—the power that determines the order and destiny of the universe, which without mind would be nothing, or only chaos. It is a great mistake to suppose that mankind has outgrown this mode of thought. As it has been the thought of the greatest minds of the past, so is it the thought of the greatest minds of today, Thomas Edison to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Edison is a great authority on

electricity, but why should his opinion on human immortality have greater weight than the opinion of other men. The fact that it is, by some, given more weight is another illustration of the fallacy of quoting a man as authority on any subject whatever, because he happens to be a great authority in one field.

The great minds of today who have pondered most profoundly on the nature and meaning of the universe, and the significance of the life of man have generally upheld the doctrine of immortality in a most thoroughgoing manner. If we are to cite authorities outside the field of theology, these should be appealed to. This, to be sure, is a question that cannot be thus settled. Every individual must settle his own convictions for himself through appeal to faith and reason. The scriptural references especially are offered as a support to faith and the facts here discussed may be worthy of consideration. They are published because of a popular opinion that it is unscientific to believe in the immortality of the soul. The particular sciences neither prove nor disprove this doctrine, but a rational consideration of all science and human experience lends support to the teachings of theology.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Fast Day Lesson for September.

Possibilities in Spare Moments.

The aim of this lesson is to encourage boys and girls to take advantage of their spare moments.

Assign the lesson the Sunday before fast day so that the boys and girls may come prepared to tell what use they have made of their spare moments during the past week; what service they have rendered to others; what time they have devoted to their Sun-

day School lesson, and to good reading, etc.

The following is quoted from "Pushing to the Front," by Marden:

"No one is anxious about a young man while he is busy in useful work. But where does he eat his lunch at noon? Where does he go when he leaves his boarding place at night? What does he do after supper? Where does he spend his Sundays and holidays? The way he uses his spare moments reveals his character. The great

majority of youths that go to the bad are ruined after supper. Most of those who climb upward to honor and fame devote their evenings to study, or work, or the society of those who can help and improve them. Each evening is a crisis in the career of a young man."

This same author also says:

"One hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits and profitably employed would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would in ten years make an ignorant man well informed. In an hour a day a boy or girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully, over seven thousand pages, or eighteen large volumes in a year. Consider then the mighty possibilities of two, four, yes, six hours a day that are, on the average, thrown away by young men and women in their restless desire for fun and diversion."

Draw attention to the fact that Abraham Lincoln studied law during his spare hours while surveying, and learned the common branches of education unaided while working in a store. Many other incidents might be drawn from great lives along this line. (See Smiles' "Self-help.")

Many men in our Church have read the standard works of the Church during spare moments, while riding on the cars, or in the few moments of waiting before meals, and at other times when opportunity presented itself.

Encourage the pupils to have a good book in a handy place, so that it may be picked up at these odd moments. Memorizing good quotations at such times is a valuable exercise, for they can be brought forth again when needed, and can be used as weapons against evil thoughts at all times.

Have the pupils memorize in the class some quotations that will impress this lesson on their minds, such as the following:

"Lost! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."—*Horace Mann*.

"Whatever principles of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection;

"And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."—*Joseph Smith*.

These are merely suggestive, many others may be selected by the teacher.

Second Year Work.—Lessons for September.

[Prepared by Joel Ricks, Cache Stake.]

Lesson 61. Message from Heaven.

Text—III Nephi 9, 10.

Time—Year 34 A. D.

Place—Northern part of South America, and Southern part of North America.

The teacher might review briefly the great destruction caused by the earthquakes, etc., as discussed in last week's lesson, and point out that while the people were wailing and lamenting because of the great calamity which had overtaken them, there came a voice out of the depths of space, which was heard by all of the people of the land. It might be well for the teacher to read what the voice said. (Chapter nine.) Impress upon the class that the words are those of the Savior. Bring out the main points of what the voice said, namely:

Warning to the unrepentant of the whole earth.

The extent of the destruction, and why brought about.

Promise of eternal life to the repentant.

The Savior announces Himself.

End of law of sacrifices.

A new order of things announced. (Verse 20.)

Call attention to the astonishment of the people after they had heard these words. The howling and lamenting was not resumed for several hours.

The coming of the voice the second time and what it said.' (Read verses 4 to 8, chapter 10.)

To whom was the voice addressed?

Its effect upon the people.

End of three days of darkness. The mists cleared away, and the sun came up as usual, the earth ceased to tremble, and the dreadful groanings, and the tumultuous noises all passed away. The rejoicings of the people who had been spared. Read the foot-note on page four hundred ninety-nine and explain its value as an evidence of the authenticity of the record.

Lesson 62. The First Visit of the Savior to the Nephites.

Time—Year 34 A. D.

Text—III Nephi 11.

The scene of this lesson was in land Bountiful at the beginning of the isthmus of Panama. Point out the location on the map. Draw a mental picture of the valley, scarred by the earthquakes and hurricanes, the probable changes in the earth's surface, the storm-swept fields and forests. Show that it was morning, and the people of the city were walking about pointing out the great changes that had taken place, and recounting, no doubt, their individual experiences. They were about the temple site, and were talking of Jesus Christ of whom the sign had been given. Then proceed to develop the story of the voice that came like a whisper, of the surprise of the people, and what the voice said. Explain the introduction of the Son by the Father, similar occurrences, at Jerusalem, and Joseph Smith's experience, and why necessary. It might be profitable to request every member of the class to read the chapter at home during the preceding week, and then de-

velop the story of the coming of the Savior by the question method, directing it so as to bring out the main points as indicated in the outline.

Emphasize the points bearing on the call of Nephi, and the apostles, and the bestowal of authority to baptize, etc. Compare with the claim of the ministers of modern Christendom, and make the necessity of proper authority clear to the minds of the students.

Lesson 63. The Savior's Ministry Among the Nephites—His Teachings and Miracles.

Text—III Nephi, 11, 12, 13, 14.

Time and Place—Same as lesson 62.

Make clear to the class that the Savior has come to inaugurate a new order of things. Note how careful He is to make plain to the people the first principles of the gospel.

"This is my doctrine; the Father commandeth all men everywhere to repent and believe in me. And after this manner shall ye baptize," etc.

"Whoso believeth in me, believeth in the Father also, and unto him will the Father bear record of me; for he will visit him with fire, and with the Holy Ghost.

"There shall be no disputations among you as there hath hitherto been," etc.

Emphasize the fact that the great office of the Book of Mormon is to make these points clear. Had the New Testament been as clear the wide differences of opinion that exist among the sects as to the mode of baptism would have been impossible.

It might be well to read the Beatitudes, chapter twelve, and compare with the New Testament version, and point out the differences and how they tend to make the meaning clearer.

Compare the Savior's teachings to the Nephites with His teachings at Jerusalem, and to Joseph Smith, in this age.

Notes

There are no more interesting stories in the Book of Mormon, than those contained in the above lessons; whether they are made interesting to the class will depend whether the teacher himself is interested. If you are interested and will devote a little time to preparation you will have no trouble in interesting the class. Interest begets interest. The Story of the Book of Mormon, will be helpful in developing this lesson.

Fourth Year.

[Prepared by Maude Paul, Liberty Stake.]

Lesson 61. The Prophet Jeremiah.

Time—about 604-587 B. C.

Place—Jerusalem.

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE.

Jeremiah, son of Hilkiah, a priest of Anathoth, lived during the reign of Josiah, Jehoiakim, and Zedekiah. He was called to the prophetic office when very young, being, as has been supposed, scarcely twenty years of age; and for forty-two years he continued to discharge his duties in this office with unabated zeal and fidelity. He lived at an eventful period, and was forced to mingle in stormy scenes, but throughout his whole career, amid the greatest obloquy and bitter opposition, he maintained the character of a zealous prophet, a consistent servant of God, and a true patriot. The circumstances of his life are far better known than those that marked the history of any other prophet, for the incidents of his personal experience, and the results of his discredited warnings are fully detailed. A considerable portion of the book of Jeremiah is occupied with the public history of the times, and amid the miscellaneous contents of the book, an autobiography of the prophet himself can easily be made out.

"Jeremiah seems to have been pre-ordained as a prophet, both to the Jews and Gentiles. He certainly delivered many prophecies to foreign nations," says Gray. The prophecies were committed to writing, and collected several times during his lifetime. The prophet himself being shut up in prison, Baruch was employed to write out all the words that the prophet had spoken to him, and to read them publicly on the fast day. The king destroyed that collection in a fit of passion, and another copy was written containing many additional prophecies.

Jeremiah, in addition to being a prophet, was also a poet. His Lamentations being among the finest literary products of the Bible. "His writings" are characterized by elegance and sublimity, and his style is tender and beautiful when he has occasion to excite the emotions of sympathy and grief. Milman's History of the Jews gives the following account of the destruction of Jerusalem and the part played by Jeremiah in the great drama.

In the fourth year of Jehoiakim, (604 B. C.) Nebuchadnezzar, the mightiest monarch who had wielded the Assyrian power, was associated in the empire with his father, and assumed command of the armies of Ninevah. The prophetic eye of Jeremiah saw the approaching tempest, and endeavored to avert it by the only means which remained in the impoverished and enfeebled state of the kingdom,—timely submission. Long had he struggled, but in vain, to restore the strength of the state by the reformation and religious union of the king and the people. In the royal palace, and in the temple, he had uttered his solemn warnings. His honest zeal had offended the priesthood. He had been arraigned as a false prophet before the royal council, where, by the intervention of powerful friends he had been acquitted. Uriah, another prophet who had boldly exercised that unwelcome office, after having fled in vain to Egypt, had

been put to death. Jeremiah again came forward. In opposition to a strong Egyptian faction, he urged the impracticability of resistance to the Assyrian forces, already on the march. But he spoke to deaf and heedless ears. He then denounced an impending servitude of the whole people, which was to last for seventy years, and to give further publicity to his remonstrances he commanded Baruch, a scribe, to write on a roll the whole of his predictions. The roll was read, during a general fast, in the most public place, before the gate of the temple. The chief nobility of the city were strongly affected, but the headstrong king cut the roll in pieces and cast it into the fire, and Jeremiah and Baruch were obliged to conceal themselves from his vengeance.

The event soon justified the wisdom of the prophet. Nebuchadnezzar rapidly overran the whole of Syria and Palestine. Jerusalem made little resistance. The king was put in chains to be carried as a prisoner to Babylon. In his submission, he was reinstated, but the temple was plundered of many of its treasures. Upon the death of Jehoiakim, several years later, his son Jehoiachin mounted the throne, and Nebuchadnezzar himself appeared at the gates of Jerusalem. The city surrendered and the king, the royal family, the remaining treasures of the temple, the strength of the army and the nobility and all the more useful artisans were carried away to Babylon. Ezekiel, the prophet, was among these captives. Over this wreck of a kingdom, Zedekiah was permitted to enjoy an unglorious sovereignty of eleven years. In his ninth year, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the wise Jeremiah, he endeavored to assert his independence, and Jerusalem, though besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, made some resistance. Jeremiah, undaunted by his ill success, now made bold remonstrance against the madness of resistance. He was thrown into a foul and noisome dungeon, on

an accusation of treasonable correspondence with the enemy.

The king, Zedekiah, in an attempt to break through the besieging forces, was seized, his children put to death before his face, his eyes put out, and thus the last king of the royal house of David, blind and childless, was led away into a foreign prison.

The capture of Jerusalem took place on the ninth day of the fourth month; on the seventh day of the fifth month (two days on which Hebrew devotion still commemorate by solemn fast and humiliation, the desolation of the city), Nabuzaradan executed the orders of his master, by leveling the city, the palaces, and the temple, in one common ruin. The few remaining treasures, particularly the two brazen pillars which stood before the temple, were sent to Babylon; the chief priests were put to death, the rest carried into captivity. (Note Ezekiel's prophecy.)

Jeremiah survived to behold the sad accomplishment of all his darkest predictions. He witnessed all the horrors of the famine; and when that had done its work, the triumph of the enemy. He saw the strongholds of the city cast down—the palace of Solomon, the temple of God, with all its courts, its roofs of cedar and gold, leveled to the earth, or committed to the flames; the sacred vessels, the ark of the covenant itself, pillaged by profane hands. What were the feelings of a patriotic and religious Jew at this tremendous crisis, he has left on record in his unrivalled elegies. Never did city suffer a more miserable fate, never was ruined city lamented in language so exquisitely pathetic. Jerusalem is, as it were, personified, and bewailed with the passionate sorrow of private and domestic attachment, while the more general pictures of the famine, the general misery of every rank, and age, and sex—all the desolation, the carnage, the violation, the dragging away into captivity, the remembrance of former glories, of the gorgeous ceremonies and the glad festivals, the awful sense

of the divine wrath heightening the present calamities, are successively drawn with all the reality of an eyewitness. They combine the truths of history with the deepest pathos of poetry.

The miserable remnant of the people were placed under the command of Gedaliah, a pasha of the great Assyrian monarch. He was assassinated by Ishmael, a man of royal blood. Johanan attempted to revenge his death, and later, with the rest of the Jews, fled to Egypt, carrying Jeremiah with them. Here he died, put to death by either the Jews or king Hephra.

Lesson 62. The Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Text—1-5.

It is suggested that one of the five chapters of the Lamentations be se-

lected and read and discussed in the class. Note the personification, the symbolism, and the general beauty of the lament in first and second chapters. The fifth, and shortest chapter, was a favorite poem with the Jewish people, as it is believed to have comforted the captives in Babylon, and after their return was annually read on the ninth of the month, Ab (July), with fasting and tears, in remembrance of the miseries from which the nation had been delivered.

Lesson 63. The Remnant of Judah in the Holy Land.

Time—About 587 B. C.

Place—Jerusalem, Babylon, Egypt.

Texts—II Kings 25th chapter; Jeremiah, chapters 39-44.

(See Sunday School Outline.)

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Second Year.

[By George M. Cannon.]

Lesson 25. Jonathan and David.

[For Second Sunday in September.]

Text—I Samuel 18, 19:1-7; 20.

The friendship of David and Jonathan is one of the most pleasing stories in sacred writ. Jonathan had grown up in the house of the king, his father, and David had grown up among the hills of Bethlehem. There he had passed much of his time in the humble occupations of the shepherds of that country. David had known little of the excitement common to court life and had spent most of his time in the pursuits of most farmer boys, although he was naturally very gifted in music and altogether a very lovable character. On the other hand Jonathan had been surrounded by all of the attractions common to a kingly court, and yet when he met David, he loved him from the very first meeting. Jonathan's char-

acter is one of the best in all history. Saul, his father, hated David because it had become known to him that the kingdom was to depart from his household to be given to another. And when, after David had performed many of his capable feats on the field of battle and was returning, the women of Israel came out of all their cities singing and dancing to their King Saul, and as they sang, they exclaimed, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." And Saul from that day determined upon David's destruction. But Jonathan, in whose soul we would have imagined the disappointment would have been greater than that of the aged king, was David's true friend as long as he lived.

After David had slain the giant Goliath and had returned and appeared before the king, Saul said to him, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" David answered, "I am the son

of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite."

And the Bible says, "And it came to pass when he has made an end of speaking unto Saul that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." Jonathan never had sympathized with his father's efforts to slay David, but did all he could to protect his friend and pacify the angry king. And when at last he found that he could not accomplish this, the Bible in most beautiful language tells of their parting (I Sam. 20:42). "And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever. And he arose and departed; and Jonathan sent into the city."

The Bible itself gives in beautiful language in the text above quoted, the account of the friendship between these two great young men. This lesson as outlined is divided into topics and sub-topics as below:

I. *Jonathan Loves David as His Own Soul.*

1. Covenant between David and Jonathan.

II. *David's Appointment Over the Men of War.*

1. By whom.
2. Behaves himself wisely.
3. David returns from slaughter of the Philistines.

III. *The Women go out to Meet King Saul.*

1. From all cities of Israel.
2. Singing and dancing.
3. "Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands."
4. Saul's anger kindled.

IV. *Saul's Attempts upon David.*

1. To slay him with a javelin.
2. Offers his daughter Merab in marriage as a snare.
 - a. She is given to Adriel.
1. Also offers his daughter Michal as a snare.
 - a. Michal's love for David.

1. Jonathan reconciles Saul to David.

- a. By recounting David's good deeds.

- b. By showing that David had done nothing against Saul.

1. Saul's anger kindled.

- a. Again seeks to smite David with javelin.

V. *Jonathan's Unselfish Love.*

1. David flees to Jonathan.

2. Covenant between the friends.

3. David in hiding.

4. Jonathan excuseth David's absence from Saul's table.

- a. As long as David lived Jonathan could not acquire the kingdom.

- b. Saul hurls javelin at Jonathan.

- (1) Because of defense of David.

1. Jonathan meets David.

- a. Gives pre-arranged sign indicating Saul's anger.

- b. Embrace each other and covenant eternal friendship.

Suggestive Aim: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." (John 15:13.)

Lesson 26. Solomon.

[For Third Sunday in September.]

Text—I Kings 3, 4:29-34; 5; 6:37-38.

Owing to the fact that David, through force of circumstances, had been compelled to go to war in defense of Israel and her enemies, the Lord did not give him the privilege of building a temple, but had him make preparations for the building of the Great Temple which was to be built by his son and successor Solomon. Wherever the name of Solomon is known, it stands as a synonym for wisdom. This is probably because of the fact that when the Lord appeared, and in a dream by night, asked what He should give him, Solomon replied (I Kings 3:8-9): "And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great

people that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people; that I may discern between good and bad: For who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" (I Kings 3:11-14): "And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thy enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words, lo I have given thee a wise and understanding heart so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou has not asked, both riches and honor, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways to keep my statutes and my commandments as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days."

Many stories are told of the wisdom of Solomon. One of the most touching is that of the two women, each a mother of a little child. While sleeping in the same house one woman's child died and she arose at midnight and went to the bed of the other woman and placed therein the dead child and took away the live one. Both women when morning came claimed the live child, and they came to Solomon that he might decide. Each told of the story and both claimed that the living child belonged to her. The king said, "Bring me a sword," and they brought the sword before the king and the king said, divide the living child in two and give one half to one and one half to the other. Then spake the mother of the living child, "O my Lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it. But the other said, Let be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." And the king answered and said, "Give her the living child and in no wise slay it, she is the mother thereof."

The story has often been told of how, when the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon, she had some of her skilled artisans prepare flowers so like the natural flowers that the human eye could not detect the difference, and she placed the artificial and the natural flowers before the king and asked him to decide which was natural and which was hand made. And the king was puzzled. Just then the king observed a bee and threw open the window and allowed it to enter. Its instinct immediately enabled it to alight on the real flower, and the king at once decided which bouquet was natural. (I Kings 4:30, 32, 34.)

"And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East country and all the wisdom of Egypt. * * * And he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five. * * * And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon from all kings of the earth which had heard of his wisdom." Perhaps the greatest thing Solomon did was to build the Temple. The esteem other rulers had for him is shown by the way in which they assisted him in accomplishing this great task. Explain the manner in which same was accomplished and the source of much of the material used in constructing the Temple.

Lesson 27. Elijah and the Priests of Baal.

[For Fourth Sunday in September.]

Text—I Kings 17, 18.

This lesson is to be outlined by the local teachers under the direction of the Stake Board.

Fourth Year—Lessons for September.

Lesson 25. Incidents in Jackson County, Missouri.

Special reference: "History of the Church," Vol. 1, p. 372 *et seq.*

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc. •

1. *The Saints Misjudged and Slandered.*

1. Reasons.
 - a. Differences existing.
 - (1) In regard to the slave question.
 - (2) Upon religious matters.
2. Some of the accusations.
 - a. How answered by Parley P. Pratt.
3. "Beware of false prophets."
 - a. By Pixley.
 - b. By the "Star."

II. *Acts of Mob Violence.*

1. Upon Edward Partridge.
 - a. (See quotations from his autobiography; note his testimony regarding the "Spirit and love of God.")
2. Upon Charles Allen and others.
 - a. A sister's testimony.

III. *Men Offer Their Lives for Their Brethren.*

1. The circumstance.
2. The men.
3. (The lesson.)

IV. *The Attack at Prairie Settlement.*

1. The Parley P. Pratt incident.
- V. *At Independence.*
1. The attacks of the mob.
 2. The battle.
 - a. Death of Andrew Barber.
 - b. The Philo Dibble incident.
 3. Scenes on the river bank.

Suggestive Aim: The Spirit of the Lord is one of peace and comfort even in affliction.

Illustration, application.

Lesson 26. Incidents in the Missouri Persecutions.

Special reference: "Life of Joseph Smith" (Cannon).

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

I. *Settlements and Growth After Having Left Jackson County.*

1. The new counties.
 - a. Caldwell and Daviess.
2. Settlements.
 - a. Far West.
 - b. Gallatin.
 - c. Adam-ondi-Ahman.

II. *Difficulties Renewed.*

1. The election at Gallatin.
 - a. Voting.
 - b. An attack by a mob.
 - c. Joseph to the rescue.
 - (1) His power and influence.

III. *At Adam-ondi-Ahman.*

1. Mob violence.
2. The Prophet's calmness and greatness.
 - a. As shown in his influence over the mobocrats.

IV. *Death of David W. Patten.*

1. Circumstances leading to it.
2. His dying admonition and testimony.

V. *The Haun's Mill Massacre.*VI. *Joseph Smith in Richmond Jail.*

1. Why confined there.
2. His companions.
3. A memorable night.
 - a. Joseph rebuking the guards.
 - (See Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt.)

Suggestive Aim: True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others.

Illustration, application.

Lesson 27. Nauvoo, "The Beautiful."

(The teacher will choose his own incidents.)

A Boy's Lever.

You can bring more things to pass,
With a lever that I know,
Than a person dreams of, boys—
Prove that what I say is so!

And it is not made of steel,
Is this lever, let me say—
It's politeness! Wonders, though,
Can be wrought with it each day!
—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

Lessons for September.

Lesson 25. Jesus Blesses Little Children.

Texts—Matt. 18:1-10; Mark 10:13-16; Luke 9:46-48.

Reference — Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 52.

Aim—Purity of soul leads to Christ.

Songs—"Little Lambs so white and fear." "I think when I read that sweet story of old," Primary Song Book, No. 11. "Let the Little Children Come," Primary Song Book, No. 17.

Picture—"Jesus Blessing Little Children" (Flockhorst), JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Jan., 1912.

Memory Gem—"Suffer Little Children," etc., (Mark 10:14.)

I. *The Disciples' Question.*

1. What called it forth.
2. What it revealed concerning their thoughts.

II. *The Savior's Answer*

1. The lesson of the little child.
 - (a) Purity, trust, humility, gentleness, obedience, love.

III. *Christ Blesses Little Children.*

1. Children brought to the Savior.
2. His rebuke to the disciples.
3. The blessing.

1. Review briefly the kindness of Jesus in relieving the sufferings of the people, raising the dead, etc., where older people are concerned. Then in the midst of His busy ministering and preaching He stopped to love and bless little children and teach the beautiful lesson through it.

II. Describe the mother's coming from far and near. Here is good opportunity for good picture study—mothers anxiously awaiting their turn—love and trust of mothers. Confidence of children as shown by the small child on His knee. Even smallest hadn't fear or timidity as of going to stranger.

III. Tell of the love and care of our earthly parents as God's helpers in caring for His little children.

Lesson 26. Mary Anointing Jesus.

Texts—John 12:1-8; Mark 14:3-9; Matt. 26:6-13.

Reference — Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 56.

Place—Bethany, on the eastern slope of Mt. of Olives.

Suggestive Aim—Love for Christ causes worldly things to seem insignificant.

Picture—Mary Anointing Jesus' Feet. (H. Hoffmann.)

Memory Gem—"For the poor always ye have with you, but me ye have not always" (John 12:8).

I. *The Entertainment.*

1. Why given.
2. Guests present.
3. Method of serving.

II. *The Anointing.*

1. What with.
2. By whom.
3. Reason.
4. Cost—300 pence or about \$50.00.

III. *The Protest.*

1. From whom.
2. What prompted it.

IV. *Acceptance by Jesus.*

1. Mary's act approved.
2. Judas rebuked.

1. "The Sabbath ended at sunset. In the evening a supper was given in His honor, by whom we do not certainly know."

Among the guests were the disciples, Mary, Martha and Lazarus. The guests reclined at the table while being served.

II. Mary cared little for her supper, but rejoiced in being with her Lord, looking into His face and listening to His words.

Her love and gratitude were so great that she showed it in the best

way she knew by pouring sweet smelling oil upon His head. It was very precious ointment and was kept in a flask of white alabaster.

111. The disciples were poor fishermen from Galilee, so \$50.00 seemed a large sum to them, and they were sincere in thinking it could have been used better in helping the poor, but Judas wanted it for himself, as he was in charge of the money bag with which to buy things for Jesus and often stole from it.

Lesson 27. Triumphal Entry.

Text—Matt. 21:1-11.

Reference — Weed's "Life of Christ," chapter 57.

Aim—to be chosen by teachers.

Picture—Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.

Memory Gem—"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. Peace in heaven and glory in the highest."

This short ride of two miles is the only one we know of Jesus. During the entire time of his ministering, his journeys were on foot.

Particularly emphasize the meaning of His riding on an ass. Meek and lowly. Fulfillment of the prophesy of more than five hundred years previous. "Behold thy King cometh unto thee,

meek and sitting on an ass." Its effect on the people.

This was the only occasion on which Jesus was honored and shown public appreciation. Coming unto His own.

Make a vivid picture of his followers that day—the blind who had been made to see, the lame who had been made to walk, the lepers who were cleansed, Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus raised from the dead, Martha, and Mary who loved Him so dearly, His beloved disciples and many others not from this region only, but from Galilee, who by their presence in this procession showed their gratitude for what He had done for them. He went before as the crowd started from Bethany and as the news of His coming spread, a great crowd gathered at Jerusalem and joined the procession. Tell of waving of palm branches and singing—"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord, etc." Procession goes to the Temple where Jesus enters. The return to Bethany with the Twelve.

Fast Day Suggestion:—A lesson on prayer based on a slight review of "Christ Blessing Little Children." Even though we can not have Jesus take us in His arms and put His hands on our heads, He can hear us and will bless us when we pray to Him.

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, chairman; assisted by Sister Beulah Woolley.

OUTLINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

1—Review and Picture day.

2—Preservation of the Plates.

Text: One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 51, 52; History of the Prophet Joseph (Lucy Smith), pp. 104-109, 113.

Aim: If we have implicit trust in God's word, we need never fear the plan of the wicked.

3—Organization of the Church.

Text: History of the Church, Vol. 1, pp. 75-79; One Hundred Years of Mormonism (Evans), pp. 107-109.

- Aim: Those who live the truth gain spiritual blessings.
 4—A Missionary Call and Experience.
 Aim: Sacrifice through love for the gospel brings spiritual blessings.
 5—Children's Day.

OUTLINE FOR OCTOBER.

- 1—Open Sunday.
 2—How Daniel kept the Word of Wisdom.
 Aim: By keeping the Word of Wisdom we obtain physical and spiritual strength.
 3—A Mysterious Voice. Soloman Kimball.
 Aim: The same.
 4—Gift of Healing (some instance to be chosen by teachers).
 Text: James 5:14-15; Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 42:43-44.

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

[Prepared by Beulah Woolley.]

Song:

"In Our Lovely Deseret," Deseret
 S. S. Songs, page 114, 1st verse.

Memory Gem:

Little folks as well as big ones
 May be missionaries true,
 If they only will be willing
 Even little things to do.

Little feet can run on errands,
 Little hands do deeds of love,
 Little tongues speak words of kindness
 Pleasing unto God above.

FIRST SUNDAY.

The lessons for review have been in consecutive order so that the older children will be able to answer questions and enjoy the review that way. With the younger children it will be better to retell one or two of the stories. In retelling be careful to give the story as you told it first. Little children love stories repeated, and use repetition as often as possible.

A good picture of the Hill Cumorah is found in the August number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 1908.

SECOND SUNDAY.—THE PRESERVATION OF THE PLATES.

Joseph soon knew that the angel's words were true, for wicked men tried in every possible way to get the rec-

ord. But he was also promised that if he would do his part they could not get it, so he guarded it with great care.

As soon as the angel left him he found a place to hide it. Nearby was an old birch log. Joseph took his pocket knife and carefully cut the bark, turned it back, and then made a hole large enough to put the precious record in. He then placed the bark back again, put some dried leaves and dirt over, and no one would have thought anything was hidden there. Then he went home so he could get a strong box made with a lock and key.

Several days after, he went back to get the hidden treasure. He found the log, pushed away the bark, lifted it with care, and wrapped it in his cloak. He started along the road and then thought he would be safer if he walked through the woods where there were lots of trees.

As he was jumping over a log, a man sprang from behind him and struck him with a gun. Joseph turned, knocked the man out of the way and ran just as fast as he could. The same thing happened again as he was farther along the way to his home, but he got away from that wicked man. He ran on and on, and when a third man tried to take him, Heavenly Father made him strong enough to get out of his way.

At last he reached home, all out of breath so that he could not speak for

a long time. But the golden record was safe. He got the box and laid it in very carefully, then locked the lid. He then told his mother, father and all the family what had happened. But even now it was not safe, for the wicked men were determined to get it. However, Joseph always knew when it was in danger.

One day he went into the house in a big hurry. He asked if any men had been seen. No one had seen anybody. But Joseph knew that the book was not safe. He took away part of the hearth in front of the fire place, put it down and relaid the hearth. No one could have told that anything was hidden there. Just then a crowd of men came up to search the house.

At another time Joseph felt that the record was not safe, so he carried it in the box across the street to a carpenter shop, tore up part of the floor and hid it there. That night a lot of wicked men went to the house and hunted everywhere, they even went to the carpenter shop, but when they didn't find it they went away.

Things went on like this for some time, and Joseph could get no chance to write what was written on the golden leaves of this book, so he knew that he must go to another town. It was decided that he should go to his wife's old home. A very kind friend named Martin Harris lent him some money so he could move. While the things were being packed, Joseph was very careful about the record. He placed it in a strong barrel and then filled the barrel with beans, and no one would have thought that anything was hidden there.

It was a good thing it was hidden so carefully, for while on the journey a man stopped the wagon and hunted through everything but could not find what he was looking for, so went away. At another time a wicked man stopped the wagon and hunted and hunted but could not find it.

So Joseph got to the new home with the record safe. Now he could work.

Kind friends helped him. It took a long time to get what was written in that book written in our language. But at last it was done. Joseph had done what Heavenly Father had told him to, so the precious book was ready for the angel when he came and took it away.

What was written in that book made Joseph very happy. It has made many, many people happy since. Perhaps your mammas and papas have read it. I have read it, and when you get to be big boys and girls you can read it, for it is called the Book of Mormon.

THIRD SUNDAY.—ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH.

Picture—Site of Peter Whitmer's Home, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Oct., 1908. Pictures of the tabernacle or any of our meeting houses that you can find.

While Joseph was writing the Book of Mormon many people became interested in what he was doing, and everybody in the neighborhood talked about him. Oliver Cowdery heard of him and decided to visit him. As soon as they talked together Oliver knew that what Joseph was doing was true. So he offered to help him. Joseph was very glad to have his help. Then Oliver wanted his friend David Whitmer to know about the glorious work, so wrote to him to visit them. When David talked to Joseph he believed and invited Joseph and his wife and Oliver to his father's home where the work could go on better. Joseph went as soon as possible.

There was a large family of Whitmers, the father, mother and seven children, all grown to ladies and gentlemen. They were good people, and when they learned what Joseph was doing they believed the work was right and helped him in every way they could. There were other people who believed in the new work, too, and some were baptized.

At last Heavenly Father made known to Joseph that it was time to

have the Church started. So on Tuesday the 6th of April, eighty-two years ago, many of the people who believed in the work Joseph was doing met at the Whitmer home.

Just six good men among those present were chosen to be the first members of the Church. When it was time to open the meeting some one was asked to pray. Then Joseph asked if they were willing to have himself and Oliver Cowdery as teachers in the new Church. All said they were. I suppose they all raised their hands, just as we do when we have Sunday School conference and vote for the superintendent and all the teachers. They had the Sacrament passed and Heavenly Father blessed the people there so that they felt very happy. Some of the people talked and told of wonderful things that would happen. Heavenly Father made it known that all the people should listen to whatever Joseph told them, and do those things. They all knew that at last the true Church was on the earth again and they were all so thankful.

That day there were not as many grown up people in that little home of the Whitmers as there are children in our class today. Now, think of the grown up people who come to meeting every Sunday, besides all the people in Sunday School this morning, and there are hundreds of other Sunday Schools just like ours meeting today. I wonder how all this has come about? Some of those at that meeting the first day went on to tell other people about the new truths that Joseph had taught them. These men were called missionaries, and they baptized many people, so that the Church keeps growing and growing.

Do all your little friends come to this Sunday School? I wonder why? They learn many good lessons in their church I know? But it isn't the true church of Jesus Christ, because He has just one, and that Church is the one we belong to, the one started by Joseph Smith, years ago.

(Girls, it is the spirit in which the Sunday School lesson is given that counts. Especially is it true of this lesson. You must feel it and give it with all the light and knowledge you have. It is a lesson wherein you can give to your children a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel. You do not know what precious seed you may sow.)

Illustration—Grandmother's Prayer.

Years ago there was a little boy living in England. He lived with a kind grandmother who took good care of him. This grandmother loved the Heavenly Father and prayed to Him night and morning. Each time she knelt down with her grandson she prayed that he would some day find the truth.

He was just a little boy then, and wondered what grandmother could mean. He often thought about it and could not understand. He asked her at last and she told him that she wanted him to find the right Church on the earth. There were so many and there was just one that could be right. She told him that she would not live to find it, but that he would if he tried hard.

So the boy grew to be a young man. Grandmother never once forgot to ask Heavenly Father that he might find the truth. Then one day the grandmother was called to leave this earth. The young man was left alone. But he was big and strong now and could work.

He did not stay in the old home but went to another city to live. There was a very beautiful church there, and he decided to go, for surely he would find the truth there. But no, he did not feel that everything said was true, although the minister said some very beautiful things.

Then he traveled to another city. There was a new church there he had never heard of before, so he went. He stayed there for some time, studied

what the people believed but at last he felt sorrowful, for he felt that he had not found the truth that grandmother had prayed for.

He went into a strange land called India. The people had still a different church to go to. He tried to learn all about it, but no, he could not feel that it was all truth.

By this time he had traveled a great deal and studied in all the different churches he had found, but had gone away disappointed. He knew his grandmother was such a good woman, surely her prayer would be answered some day. But how?

Then he crossed the big ocean and came to this country. He was much older now and very anxious to find the truth. He lived in California. One day he heard of a new church. So he went to the place where they held meetings. He heard two young men talk. They had such a beautiful message for the people. They were missionaries of our Church sent out to teach the people. When this gentleman heard their message he was so happy. He knew that at last grandmother's prayer was answered. He knew that he had found the truth.

(Adapted from a testimony once given in a fast meeting.)

FOURTH SUNDAY.—MISSIONARY CALL AND EXPERIENCE.

(Teachers may tell any missionary experience they have heard of that will be interesting to little children, and work out their own lesson. The following lesson is suggested for teachers who know no suitable incident. The first part is adapted from "My First Mission," by George Q. Cannon. The second part from a sister's experience.)

Introduction: Mary, where is your papa now? John where is your Uncle Will? Not long ago we had a concert for Brother — who left to go on a mission. I wonder why they all went? They want people to know

about Joseph Smith, how Heavenly Father and Jesus came to him, and about the wonderful record the angel let him take. They want them to be happy as we are, and know everything about the Church of Jesus Christ. That is why the missionaries leave their homes and travel away off to people who have never heard the beautiful truths.

Many years ago a young man was called to go on a mission. His name was George Q. Cannon. His home was in Salt Lake City and he lived happy there with his brothers and sisters and friends. It was very hard to leave those he loved, but of course he would do just what Heavenly Father wanted. So he left his home and traveled until he came to the ocean. Then he had to go on a big ship to cross the water to some islands called the Sandwich Islands. There were nine other missionaries with him. They were the very first missionaries to be sent to that strange land.

The ocean was very rough when the ship started to sail, and they were all very sick. That night the wind blew so hard that the captain thought the ship would be lost. But the elders prayed earnestly to Heavenly Father, and next day the storm was gone and the ship was safe. Then they thanked Heavenly Father, for they knew it was He who had saved their lives.

They were on the ocean nearly four weeks and then they saw the beautiful strange land. They were very glad to get out of the ship and see the strange trees and flowers and birds and hills. Brother Cannon and his companion went to one of the islands. Here they rented a little house. Not a house like we live in, but just a little one-roomed place, all covered with grass.

Brother Cannon went out to see what kind of people lived in this land. He found some white people whom he could talk to; but they didn't care to hear the beautiful truths he had come to tell them, and they didn't treat him very kindly. But there were other

people living there. Their skins were dark and they talked in a language Brother Cannon could not understand, neither could they understand him. Now, what could he do? The white people would not listen to him, yet Heavenly Father had sent him to that land. He decided to learn to talk to those dark-skinned people in their own language. They were called Hawaiians. He studied and worked hard and prayed to Heavenly Father and He blessed him so that in a very short time he could talk to the people and could understand everything they said. He was very happy now and thankful.

But his money was gone and so was his companion's and they could no longer pay the rent of the little house. They didn't know what to do until a dear, kind old lady said they could live in her house, and she went to live with her daughter. How thankful the missionaries were to this old lady for her kindness; and Heavenly Father blessed her, too.

Now that Brother Cannon could go out and talk to the people he soon had friends who wanted him to eat with them. They ate a different kind of food to what he was used to. They had no bread and butter and such things; but what they liked most was a food made from the root of a plant which grew in that land. They called the food when it was ready, poi. Brother Cannon sat down to eat some with them but it nearly made him sick. He did not like it at all. He felt very sorry because he knew if his friends had to cook him different food it would make them a great deal of trouble, and he wanted to eat just what they did. He asked Heavenly Father to make that food taste good to him. His prayer was answered for the next time he tested it he liked it so well that he ate a bowl-full.

So he was able to live among the people, go from one place to another and tell them of the wonderful gospel that was on the earth. Many were very glad and he took them into the

water and baptized them just the way you will be baptized when you are eight years old. When any of them were sick he laid his hands on their heads and they were healed for Heavenly Father blessed them.

Brother Cannon stayed with those people for five years. During that time other missionaries were sent to that land and all were working hard to help the people. Then he was told that he could go back to his home. Four of the missionaries he had gone with returned when he did. Many friends were there to say good-bye and it was hard to leave them. He had been so happy among them. Many times he had had very little to eat, poor places to sleep and few clothes, but he was happy because he had done the will of the Heavenly Father.

Now I'm going to tell you about a lady who was called to go to this same land. One morning the postman brought this "Sister" a letter. She opened it and found that it was from the Presidency of the Church, asking her to go to Hawaiian Islands to teach the gospel to the children there.

At first she was very sad, for she didn't want to leave her home and father and mother and friends, whom she loved.

She thought, too, that her mother needed her help. And then she had many little children in the Sunday Schools whom she loved as I love you.

She thought and prayed about it, for she wanted to do right. Then Heavenly Father filled her heart with peace which told her she should go. She went to President Smith's office and told him she could be ready in a few weeks.

Many friends came to her home to bid her "good-by," and all said they would pray that the Heavenly Father would help her. So she left her home and loved ones, trusting in the Lord and believing that our Father in heav-

en never asks us to do anything unless He helps us to do it.

After traveling for nearly two weeks she reached Honolulu. Never in her life had she seen a more beautiful place. Beautiful trees and lawns and flowers everywhere.

The people looked very strange with their dark faces, but she knew she could love them.

The very night she landed she was sitting on the porch of the home where the missionaries lived. She was homesick, perhaps she was crying, when a little Hawaiian girl, just as big as one of you, came slowly up to her and put a wreath of white flowers around her neck. This made her so happy that she forgot to wish for home. When she went to bed that night she thanked the Heavenly Father that He had sent her to this land.

In a few days the president of the mission came to Honolulu and took her to Laie, a beautiful place by the sea. It was here she met and loved the children. Every Sunday they went to Sunday School. How much they

loved to sing the same songs that you sing! And oh, how much they loved to hear the stories about Jesus! They learned to pray just as you do, and when they were sick they would ask for the Elders to come and bless them.

I'm sure you would like to see these children, with their brown faces and big, brown eyes, and I'm sure you would love them, for they are so good. They love flowers more than I can tell you. They get up very early on Sunday morning and gather flowers and make wreaths to wear to Sunday School. They look so pretty for, in their warm land, they nearly always wear white clothes.

When they wanted to tell their teacher that they loved her, they brought her wreaths of flowers. They made her so happy with their love that every day she felt blessed for having left her home.

FIFTH SUNDAY.—CHILDREN'S DAY.

Take the children out to visit some one who will be made happy by their presence. Let them be little missionaries.



SATISFIED.



PROBABLY LARGEST BIG HORN ON RECORD.
Shot in British Columbia (Owned by W. F. Sheard, of Tacoma).

The Big-Horn Mountain Sheep.

*By Claude T. Barnes.**

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.

It is said that the task of Sisyphus in the world of shades is to roll a huge stone to the top of a hill and fix it there despite its irresistible tendency to bound down again each time the feat is seemingly accomplished. It is just so in hunting the mountain sheep, whose head is usually the most valued prize among the trophies of the American hunter's den: mountains of irksome and dangerous acclivity

must be scaled; narrow crumbling ledges ribboning cliffs of dizzy heights must be traversed; and all the comforts of camp must be left with the horses in the timber line far below. The ferocity of the grizzly, which causes hunters to hold his pelt in high esteem, here finds a counterpart, not indeed, in the meek, wary animal sought, but in the Alpine perils of his chase, for only the loneliest, highest, craggiest peaks and bad lands of the Rockies can claim to be his home. Domesticating him or acclimatizing him to our lowland preserves, were as futile as rearing polar bears in a circus wagon—he is, in fact, the true mountaineer.

*Among the numerous subscribers of the *Juvenile Instructor* are probably many keen observers of nature; I shall sincerely appreciate communications relating strange but verifiable facts or incidents concerning any of our mammals, birds or reptiles.

Had it not been for the invention of rifles capable of shooting a bullet at a velocity of nearly 3,000 feet a second and with a trajectory practically flat up to two or three hundred yards,* the ever-watchful mountain sheep might still be nibbling the green tufts from the rock crevices frequented by his ancestors; but what animal can protect itself from a bullet thrown from a distant hillside as unexpectedly and as accurately as a meteor from the sky? The round ball of the muzzle-loader of olden days sank woefully after the first hundred yards; but, now, even the killing range of the small bore, high power rifle is nearly two miles! Furthermore, we have telescope sights, wind gauges and powder which makes so little smoke that fire as rapidly as we may, we can always see to aim; and the detonation resembles more the crack of a whip than the boom of the obsolete black powder.

Picture a broad vesta of verdureless bad-lands, "buttes" or peaks, such as the elevated steppes of Idaho, Montana or Wyoming, brilliantly lighted with the searching achromatic sunlight peculiar to the semi-cloudless regions of the West; notice one isolated crag after another, pinnacles of fantastic shape, observe on their precipitous slopes the various bands of disintegrating rocks and between the strata the narrow horizontal shelves

*The figures, for instance, of a Winchester .30 U. S. G. M. '06 Rimless rifle in my possession are: Velocity, 2700 ft. per second; penetration, 75 soft pine inch boards; 100 yard trajectory height at 50 yards, .68 of an inch. The killing range of this rifle is nearly two miles, while its maximum range is 4,500 yards. This velocity is excelled by the new Savage high power .22 which, though of less striking force, has a muzzle velocity of 2800 ft. per second. The Jeffery .333 has a striking force of over 4,000 lbs. The Mannlicher-Schoenauer, the Sauer Mauser, and the Haenel (Mannlicher) are all rifles of similar power to that of the ones specifically given.

caused by the heterogeneity and varied erosion of the layers. Here on these terraces, where the grass is so scanty that it appears verily as individual blades, is the favorite haunt of our quarry.† Shoot him from afar, as he steps cautiously along the ledge and he may tumble a thousand feet down into an abyss of snow or fall flat on the narrow shelf. In the latter case, should you care to risk getting your prize at all, you may have to crawl for an hour in places so dangerous that to look into the chasm below is to flirt with a horrible death. Furthermore, you may be fortunate if you pull back with you, on a string, only the sawed off horns, for all venturesome enthusiasm palls as one crouches at the very brink of an uncanny abysm.

There are six accepted varieties of mountain sheep, scattered over the entire Rocky mountain region from Alaska to Canada, and the type (canadensis) under consideration has the most extensive range of all—from the frozen ridges of the Yukon to the cold peaks of the loftiest mountains in upper Mexico. It is gray-brown in color with a large whitish patch on the hind quarters about the tail. Any pair of horns‡ over fourteen inches in circumference is considered large.

†Varieties:

Nelson's Mountain Sheep (*Ovis nelsoni*)—Smaller, Short-haired, salmon-gray color; range, Southern California.

Mexican Mountain Sheep (*Ovis Mexicanus*)—Similar to Nelson's; range, Chihuahua county, Mex.

The White Mountain Sheep: Dall's Sheep (*Ovis dalli*)—Pure white, yellowish amber horns; horns smaller than type; range, Alaska.

Black Mountain Sheep: Stone's Sheep (*Ovis stonei*)—Upper parts dark brown; abdomen, white; range, northern British Columbia.

Fannin's Mountain Sheep (*Ovis fannini*)—White head and bluish gray body; range, Klondike region, Alaska.

‡The Asiatic argali (*Ovis argali*) is even larger than the species herein considered.

though the record pair is eighteen and one-half inches round at the base and fifty-two and one-half inches in length. The females of all wild sheep wear horns, though smaller than those of the bucks. The flesh of all varieties of mountain sheep, moreover, is so delicious as to afford an additional stimulus to the hunter.

During the winter, the Bighorns, young and old, mingle in large bands in their favorite localities. Bleak winds and driving snow do not worry them for their warm coats are so closely matted that only the indifferent protection of a cliff is sought during the worst storm. They live so high, indeed, that every blast serves only to denude everything of snow; but should a mantle of whiteness remain, the resourceful sheep paws in precisely the right place until the delicate green appears. After exceedingly heavy snows, the *canadensis* will at times go down into the timber, though the *dalli*, the *stonei* and the *fannini* resolutely defy the elements throughout the long arctic and sub-arctic winters.

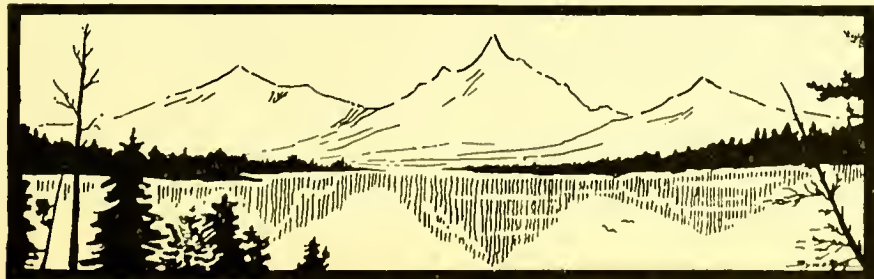
When a blizzard is raging over every ridge, the sheep huddle side by side, the little fellows crouching low between the adults. Old males at such times become restless, and prow about nibbling indifferently, as if impatient at so much useless fuss. Sometimes, however, the entire band is snowed under in a cave; but, even then, the stout old fathers work a way out with their horns.

As the warm rays of the spring sun fill every living thing with new vigor, the rams wander away alone into the tiny meadow-oases, midst the

rugged cliffs of the highest mountains. Here at the very foot of eternal snow, the Bighorn lives a peaceful life, not even the chirp of a friendly junco breaking the perpetual silence. By the middle of July the old coat has been shed for the new and by the last of September the lonely ram is as fat as butter. As the chill blasts come he once more joins the family herd on the hillside below, taking but cursory interest in the stout, frolicsome lambs.

The hair of the Bighorn resembles more that of the antelope or deer than that of domestic sheep, and, being a stout, muscular, graceful animal about three and a half feet high at the withers, he is wonderfully equipped to master precipitous ledges, or bound lightly from rock to rock over the turbulent canyon stream. Furthermore, he has none of the curiosity of the antelope or the stupidity of his neighbor, the white goat. It may be observed, *en passant*, that the goats and the sheep seem to concede to each other the exclusive right to certain hills, for, as food conditions are the same, the separation is not otherwise explainable.

So excellent are the Bighorn's hearing, eyesight and smell that a rolling stone, an unwise move, or a breath of rightly directed wind, will put him to flight over some dizzy escarpment or down some abrupt ravine and up the other side. Hunters upon finding shattered horns have maintained that the mountain sheep must occasionally descend from ledge to ledge by alighting on its head; the rams are great fighters, however, so we need not strain our credulity that far.





CHILDREN'S



SECTION

The Recompense of Joel.

By Katie Grover.

"Hello there, Andrew," called Joel to his next-door neighbor, Andrew Larsen, who was out in the back yard chopping kindling wood. "I'm sixteen years old today. What do you think my father is going to give me?"

"I don't know," answered Andrew, as he climbed the fence which lay between their homes. "You have so many things now that I cannot imagine what he could get you next. Well, what is it?"

"Oh, he hasn't come home yet," said Joel, smiling in happy anticipation. "He is going to bring it with him. It's about time now."

Andrew looked up the street, but Joel was busy watering the lawn and did not see the sudden change which came over Andrew's broad good-humored face. Not until a loud shrill whistle burst from his lips did Joel look up.

His father was entering the carriage drive in company with a man who was leading a black, handsome young colt by a halter.

Joel could hardly believe it when his father called to him and motioned for him to take the bridle from the man.

"My son, this is your birthday present. How do you like it?"

"Oh, the black beauty," cried Joel stroking the silky mane which covered the finely arched neck. "Father, is he really mine? You couldn't have pleased me more. I thank you, sir. What shall I name him?"

"What did you call him just now?" asked his father, smiling at his enthusiasm. "I don't think you could find a

more appropriate name than the one you just now called him by."

Joel clapped his hands.

"The very name," he cried. "Black Beauty it is. Come Andrew, you can come and hold him while I mount him."

Poor Andrew was glad even for this small privilege, and eagerly sprang forward to do the other boy's bidding.

The colt was already broken in, so Joel was soon astride his back and cantering down the lane. He was gone over an hour, and came back more jubilant than ever over his new treasure.

"My son, you are at liberty to ride him on any day excepting Sunday," said his father, "but on that day I expect you to turn him out in the pasture."

"Bother," said Joel grumpily. "Father, the other boys ride their horses on Sunday, and most of the races come off on that day. Besides when I'm going to school and getting lessons, I don't have much time for fun excepting on Saturday and Sunday—but you never allow me to do anything on Sunday. Why can't I be like other boys?"

"Boys who have no respect for the Lord's day, and who make it a day of racing and pleasure seeking, usually turn out badly," observed his father, gravely. "My son, you are old enough to choose your own company, but if you make it a rule to associate only with those who have respect for their parents and for the Sabbath, I have no fear of your going far away. There, I did not intend to preach you a sermon on your birthday; though both your mother and I have been grieved and worried to see you of late seem-

ingly preferring such company as Bob Black and Bill Grime, rather than that of Andrew Larsen and your cousin George."

Joel made a grimace, and shrugged his shoulders with the air of one who had decided tastes and opinions of his own, but he had too much respect for his father to care to discuss the matter.

"Well, son, I think I have said enough, concluded his father, patting the boy on the back. "You know how mother and I love you, and how anxious we are that you shall grow into a strong, noble, God-fearing man. But we can't make you so. It all depends upon your own effort. Now go, and feed your colt, and come and get ready for dinner. I think mother has prepared something unusually nice in honor of your birthday, so it won't do for you to keep us waiting."

"I wish I had never gone with those boys the first time," thought Joel regretfully, as he went to the barn, his father's words ringing warningly in his ears, and disturbing his conscience not a little. "Father is right. But it will be hard to break off with the gang now. I wish I hadn't gone swimming with them that first Sunday."

Alas, how many, many boys have wished that same useless wish. If only the first temptation toward wrong-doing could always be resisted, the first step never taken, there need never be the second; and many a bright young life saved from the remorse and oftentimes dishonor which follows that first fatal step.

"You darling," cried Joel, throwing his arms about Black Beauty's neck, and leaning his head against his glossy coat. "I'm going to give you the very best of care. How could anybody be mean to such a fine animal? And yet some of the boys around here are cruel to their horses."

He could scarcely wait for school to close next day, so eager was he to get home, and have a ride on Black Beauty. Andrew came running to the fence

as soon as he heard Joel leading the horse out of the stall.

"How I'd love to try him, said Andrew, wistfully. "What will you take to let me when you come back?"

"No, I couldn't trust you with him," returned Joel, refusing to see the pleading, hungry look on poor Andrew's face. "Now see me go," and off he went like the wind.

All went well for a month. Day after day Andrew came to the fence and watched Joel ride away, then went resignedly to his work and found much pleasure in imagining what he would do if he had such a horse.

Joel gave Black Beauty every attention, and taught him several tricks. He would walk some distance away, and holding up a piece of candy before the horse, beckon to him, whereupon Black Beauty would come running and neighing toward him. "Now kiss me," Joel would say, and the colt's cold nose would brush against his cheek. The candy always followed,—the boy never disappointed him in that.

Joel was the happiest when in the saddle, especially when he rode with the other boys. Their horses looked very scrubby and tame by the side of the handsome black colt, and Joel took every pains to excite their envy and jealousy.

"He can run much faster than any of your horses," he declared, boastfully. "He always comes out ahead. He is going to be the fastest horse in town when I get him trained."

"Wait till Sunday; Bill Grime will be here then with his new horse, and we will have a race in the meadow in the afternoon," said Bob Black, winking his eye. We'll see then who has the best race horse. Looks don't count everything, see."

"Let's have the race Monday instead of Sunday," suggested Joel rather shame-facedly. "Don't think I can be there Sunday."

"Good little Sunday School boy," sneered Bob, turning away in disgust, then digging his sharp spurs

into his poor horse's flanks, he galloped away with a rough laugh.

"Afraid his horse will get beat," sang out another boy tantalizingly, as he, too, rode off.

Next Sunday it so happened that Joel's parents were called out of town. The boy did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Now began the battle between right and wrong. All morning he wavered, his conscience on one side, his evil monitor on the other. He was thoroughly miserable.

Joel did not attend Sunday School that morning. That was the first wrong step. After that it was easier to take the second. By noon he had so stifled the voice of conscience that he was enabled to ride off with quite a light heart. It was a beautiful sunny day; and, he argued convincingly, he could have a jolly time just this once, and no one be the wiser at home.

That night it was late when Mr. and Mrs. Martin returned home. On their way upstairs to bed they thought they heard sobbing in Joel's room. Thinking him ill they rushed in, and turned on the light. The boy lay with his face buried in the pillow crying brokenheartedly.

"What in the world is the matter, Joel?" asked his father with much concern. "Are you sick?"

"N—o," sobbed Joel, trying to meet his parent's eyes, but failing miserably. "It's—poor Black Beauty. His leg is broken."

"Did you ride him this afternoon?" asked his father sternly, although knowing full well from Joel's unhappy shamed face that such was the case. "You took advantage of our absence, and went to the races with those boys, did you? Well, well, I am disappointed in you. I thought you were old enough to be trusted. It seems I expected too much."

Without another word he turned and left the room.

"Where is the horse now?" asked his mother.

"They said nothing could be done

for him, mother; but Andrew took him over to his place, and said he would try to set the leg. The men wanted to shoot him and put him out of his misery, but Andrew begged so hard, and—Oh, I couldn't stand it to have him killed."

"Poor Black Beauty," said his mother sadly, such a fine handsome colt, and, to meet such a wretched end while still so young. Why, you've barely had him a month.

So saying she, too, turned and left him without the customary good-night kiss.

Next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Martin remarked:

"I have been over to Andrew's to see the colt. The poor creature is in a bad way. I hardly think he will live. Andrew wants to keep him. What do you say, Joel?"

Joel brushed the tears from his eyes. "I loved him so, father. What shall I do?"

"Let your conscience decide. Which of you is capable of giving him the better care while he lives; which is the more worthy of him, you or Andrew?"

Joel choked back the lump in his throat, and got up and went out, and over to Andrew's house. He knew what was expected of him. He wouldn't fail them this time.

"Poor boy," said his mother, pushing back her only partially eaten breakfast, "he was so proud of his horse."

"Yet, how unworthy he has proven himself," returned his father, gravely. "I want him to give the horse to Andrew. He may be able to save him, and will appreciate his value. It will be an excellent lesson for our boy. He is suffering now, but it is a lesson he will never forget."

Joel came back presently. His face was pale, and his eyes glistened with the tears he was trying so hard to keep back.

"Andrew says he can save him. I know I don't deserve him back, father, I have given him—to Andrew."

The boy's voice choked, as he turned

pleadingly to his father as though intreating him to say something,—to tell him that he was forgiven.

He waited in vain. Neither father or mother said a word, and with a hard sob Joel fled from the room.

Throwing himself down on his bed, he wondered if ever a boy had been so terribly punished and disgraced before. He might have known that father would be hard and unrelenting—but mother! She had never failed him before when he needed her.

It had been hard enough to give up his horse, but in so doing his motive had not been unmingled with selfishness. It seemed to him that nothing, not even the relinquishment of his beloved horse was half so hard to bear as the disappointment, displeasure, and aloofness of his dear father and mother. He wanted back their good-will, their forgiveness, and above all their love. He felt he could not bear it.

"My boy, my poor boy!" His mother's arms were about him, her forgiving kiss clung comfortingly on his cheek.

"Mother!" he sobbed, clinging hungrily to her, "Oh, mother, I wanted you so much."

Crows.

That black looking fellow sitting up so high, and talking to his little brother, is not liked very much, for he is a great hand at stealing; and birds or boys who steal, soon lose their character. The Crow has a good many cousins. Master Tommy rook; the saucy raven; the wicked magpie, and the chattering jackdaw, are all relations of his. Any one can see that is the case from the strong family likeness which one bears to the other. They make their home in some out-of-the-way place. Tops of high trees, church towers, old castles, or rocks where they can see, and not be seen. The crow family are often hungry, and not at all particular what they eat, or whether it belongs to them or

not. They always help themselves without saying "By your leave." A small crow in Ceylon will walk about the towns and villages, feeding on dead dogs, or anything else nasty, and, when the windows are open, will enter the rooms, and steal from the dinner-table. Carrion crows are those which feed on flesh, and are much disliked by the farmers, for they will devour weak and sickly animals, such as young lambs. They will even rob birds' nests; taking the eggs or the birds. Then a change of air is needed,



away they fly to the sea-side, and while there, will live on shell fish. There is a fish crow, found on the coasts and rivers, which will attack sea-gulls, and make them give up the fish which they have caught. In the island of Jamaica they have a bird called the jabbering crow, which can be taught to imitate the voice of a man so correctly that many are deceived. The rook is a much better-behaved bird than the crow; but, being so much like him, is often shot by those who do not like crows. Birds are along while before they forget their bad habits; for you can tame a crow, but give him a chance, and he will steal as bad as

ever. A carrion crow will even commit murder, for one was seen to strike a pigeon dead. A farmer was very much troubled by the crows walking over his fields, and stealing his corn, and many a time he said they should be shot. The farmer's wife had a parrot, which would hop around with the crows. One afternoon while the farmer was resting for a while he saw the crows at his corn again. The

gun was all ready, and the farmer fired. After the smoke had cleared away, Polly came hopping very slowly with a broken leg. The farmer had not seen the parrot, and, as he bound up the broken leg, said, "Ah, Polly! see what comes of keeping bad company."

Boys and girls, think of Polly, and the crows, and avoid bad company.



'Twas a mouse's party, given one day
On the sunny side of a rick of hay.

The host was a big mouse, both brown and sleek,
And the hostess a mousie, so shy and meek.

Their visitors came from the fields around,
And scurried along o'er the stubbly ground.

'Twas a right royal feast, their tastes to please,
There was bacon fat, cream and much-toasted cheese!

The host was so pleased all his guests to see,
As they scampered about in the highest glee.

But just as the banquet had been begun,
There came Mr. Pussy, to spoil the fun!

"May I join in your party?" he said with a mew.
But they all scurried off, for they very well knew
He would eat up the feast and the feasters too!

K. E. Sheriff.

The Children's Budget Box.

A True Story.

I know a very sensitive dog. One day he thought his mistress had gone away from home and left him. He put his two front feet up on the window sill and whined and howled until she came and spoke to him. When he found that she was at home he was all right.

One day some boys went hunting, and he went with them and while they were out one of them accidentally shot him in the leg. It almost frightened him to death. Ever since then he is badly frightened when he hears shooting anywhere. One Twenty-fourth, when he heard the cannons roar he ran away and went to the next town and stayed two weeks, when his mistress came and took him home. She was pleased to find him and he was glad to see her. He was a very good cattle dog and very affectionate to the children; in fact, he was a special pet of the whole family. A few days ago there was some blasting going on in town, and he was so badly frightened that he ran into the house to hide; his mistress scolded and whipped him for coming in the house and he ran out and left home and has never been seen since.

Noble Dame,

Age 15. Meadow, Millard Co., Utah.

Little Things.

If we notice all the sunshine
As we notice all the rain,
And remember all our blessings
As we remember all our pain;
If we look for people's goodness,
And refuse the bad to see,
What a cheerful, happy world
This one of ours would be.

Helen M. Bunker,

Age 16. Pine Valley, Utah.

The Unhappy Pine.

Out in the forest there grew a little pine. Not far from it there was a large one.

The little pine was very unhappy because it was not as tall as the others.

One day the large pine said, 'I wish I could stop growing. I am getting so tall'

Then the little pine said,

"You haven't anything to grumble about; you can look above all other trees, while I am little and cannot see anything.

"Well," exclaimed the large pine,

"there isn't anything to look at only wild animals and the little birds sing sweet music to you; they think I am too large for them.

"The birds don't ever give me any music," said the little pine. "I don't ever listen to them."

"Oh! no wonder you are unhappy. You never listen to the little birds singing to you and trying to make you and all others happy. If the little birds would sing to me like they sing to you, I would be the happiest pine in the whole world."

The little pine learned a lesson from the large one, to listen to the music of the birds, and ever after that the little pine was always very happy because it listened to the music of the birds.

Eliza Cash,

Age 12.

Tremonton, Utah.

The Juvenile.

To every hand
In every land,
Goes forth the Juvenile;
To do its best
Among the blest
Of Zion's chosen all.

And it comes here,
This book so dear,
To teach us step by step,
The Golden Rule
Of Sabbath School
That God on earth has set.

Nellie Snyder,

Age 14.

Provo, Utah.

Things I Am Thankful For.

For clothing through the winter cold,
For Autumn, when the leaves turn gold,
For friends and parents dear,
For things I see or hear,
For little birds that sing on trees,
For summer's cooling breeze;
For bees that get us honey, too,
For they have to search the garden
through;
For school, where we learn each day,
For playmates to play with all the way,
For the love and my teachers' care,
For all the children sweet and fair,
For guidance through the night,
For God to lead us to do right.

Father in heaven we thank Thee.

Bessie Candland,

Age 11.

Nephi, Juab Co., Utah.

The Little Musician.

Little Harold's father had gone to the war, and the family were left very poor.

This was why Harold could not take music lessons although he wanted to very badly. One day an old man came along, who wanted to stay with them, so they gave him their best room. In this room was an old piano, which the man, who was a musician, played a great deal. While the musician was out one evening, Harold's mother heard music coming from the musician's room, and knowing that the man was out, she peered into the room and there sat—Harold, in his night clothes, playing, soft and sweet at first, then loud and clear.

Just then the musician came into the house, and the mother beckoned for him to come. Together they listened until the music gradually died down, after which Harold sat thinking for a minute, then played another piece, and another until his head sank upon the keyboard, and he slumbered peacefully.

"He shall be a great man soon," said the old musician, as they carried him to bed.

But Harold was to go to his Father in heaven, and he did not rise with the birds the next morning, as usual.

Helen M. Bunker,
Pine Valley, Utah.

Age 16.



By Margaret Lohmann,
1532 Roberta St.,
Salt Lake City.

Flowers.

How lovely the world seems today with the sweet perfume of its flowers and grasses! Everything looks so fresh and fair. Look at every flower and every blade of grass!

I am so happy today. Everywhere I go I can smell sweet perfume. How I love the sweet flowers!

Once some children got some flower seeds and planted them under a big dining room window. They looked so nice when they came out so bright and pretty, that they were called morning-glories.

One morning the children had the window up and the perfume of the morning-glories went all through the house. Oh! how beautiful it was! But the lovely flowers did not stay long. Soon there was a little caterpillar came and said, "Will you let me sleep under your leaves this cold winter?" The morning-glories said "Yes," so they went to sleep all the winter.

Age 10.

Lucy Bee.



By Irvin Milne,
St. George, Utah.

Age 12.

Staying Out Late.

"Oh, mother, let us stay out late!"

Cried little Tom and Fred; .

"Always, before it's really dark

You make us go to bed.

We're sure that we would like the dark,

We want to see the moon;

They say some owls are in the grove,

Don't make us come so soon!"

Down sank the sun, up rose the moon,

The tree-toads made their noise;

Two little owls began to hoot, .

Which scared those little boys.

Back to their homes they quickly ran,

They heard the watch-dog bark:

"Mamma, we want to come to bed,

We're frightened at the dark!"

Elodia Peterson.

COMPETITION NO. 25.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Rules.

Competition will close September 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

Pictures should not be folded.

Address, The Children's Budget Box, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.

The June Puzzle.

The correct answers to the June "Headings" are as follows:

1—Geography	George	Geo.
2—Market	March	Mar.
3—Montana	Monday	Mon.
4—Revere	Revolution	Rev.
5—Candy	Canada	Can.

We have received many correct solutions of the June puzzle. These answers we have separated into ages from eight to seventeen years, and have awarded the prizes to one of the best in each class, considering penmanship, punctuation, and general neatness. The following are the winners:

8 yrs.—Bennie Deschamps, Malad, Ida. (R. F. D. 1.)

9 yrs.—Leon Hall, Boulder, Utah.

10 years.—Arthur Tanner, Payson, Utah.

11 yrs.—Lettie Ririe, 2670 Monroe Ave., Ogden, Utah.

12 yrs.—Verl Porter, 2200 So. 8th East, Salt Lake City.

13 yrs.—Rachel Schiess, Providence, Utah.

14 yrs.—Sara Sumsion, Chester, Utah.

15 yrs.—Armelia Grover, Box 105 Rigby, Idaho.

16 yrs.—Emma Powell, R. F. D. 2, Cherry Creek, Ida.

17 yrs.—Geo. H. Carr, Bonita, Colorado.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

By Charity Leavitt, Bunkerville, Nev.

1—Take a labor from a state in the

Union and leave a weight.

2—Take a harbor from a city in Maine and leave a part of the earth.

3—Take an animal from a city in New Hampshire and leave a boy's name.

4—Take a boy's nick-name from a city in Massachusetts and leave a large piece of meat.

5—Take a conjunction from a city in Virginia and leave a word that means people.

6—Take a small stream of water from a city in Illinois, and leave cleared land.

7—Take a bird from a city in Massachusetts and leave a trimming.

8—Take a word that means disposition of goods from a city in Oregon and leave a consonant.

9—Take a word that signifies magnificent from a city in Michigan and leave a succession of small falls.

10—Take a boy's name from a city in Kentucky and leave a military embankment.

Rules.

For the ten best answers to the Geography puzzle we will award book prizes. Each answer should include a historical note of not to exceed twenty-five words.

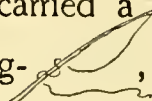
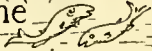
Competition will close September 1st.

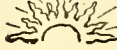
Answers must be written in ink and bear the name, age, and address of the sender.

Address Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE RUNAWAY DOLL

(IX)

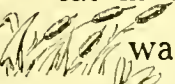
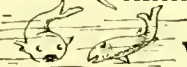
BIG BOB was going fishing in his beautiful white , the Lily. He wore a big  to keep off the , and carried a  full of bait, a fine fishing-, and a  to put his  in. Little Bob was too small to go fishing. He was only as tall as the smallest  in the garden, and Big Bob was as tall as the high stone . But  wanted to do everything that , his papa, did. Besides, he wanted to catch some  to give to Dorothy Dot on her birthday. There were tears in his  when Big Bob started off. "Why, why!" said Mama. "Go fishing? To be sure, you shall; and not in a , either, but in the real river. Nora shall take you down to the shore where the  grow, and you shall sit in a  and fish. And you shall have a  full of bait, and a fine fishing- and , and a  to put your  in." "And a big ,

cried Little Bob, dancing with joy, "to keep off the  ! And I will take all my  to Dorothy



Dot for her birthday!" Down to the shore he went with , and found a little , the Pansy, tied to a . And Nora sat on a  on the



bank, but  sat in the  and fished. The  waved in the wind, and the dragon- skimmed over the water, but the  were shy, and would not bite at Little Bob's

. "Try once more!" called . And Little Bob threw his  far out over the water, and it caught!

"Oh, oh, I've got a !" screamed .

"Pull!" cried . Then he pulled and pulled, and first he saw a little , then a little  --- and, lo, it was not a  at all that he had caught, but a



! She was all dripping, but she still had a  in a little  marked

"Rose Rambler." How they did laugh when Little Bob opened his  at home!

"You are a better fisherman than I am," said .

Then Mama dried 's clothes, and put her

in the  again, and away went happy Little Bob to give her to Dorothy Dot for her birthday!



Stanley Kaine's University Laughlets.

A Busy Life.

Stella—"Does she live from hand to mouth?"

Bella—"No, from ear to mouth."

And We Pay.

Knicker—"Which end of a cow gets up first?"

Butcher—"It all rises at once."

The Lingering Kind.

Young Lady—"Guard, will I have time to say good-bye to my friends?"

Guard—"Afraid not, miss. This train leaves in two hours and a half."

Wary.

The Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey—"Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."

Out of Reach.

Townley—"How's the new cook getting on?"

Subbubs—"I don't know. She didn't leave her address."

The Court of Last Resort.

"Do you think women should propose?" asked the passe lady.

"I don't know," mused the young thing. "Have you tried everything else?"

Baiting Her.

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."

Prepared.

Georgia Lawyer (to colored prisoner)—"Well, Ras, so you want me to defend you. Have you any money?"

Rastus—"No; but I've got a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two."

Lawyer—"Those will do very nicely. Now, let's see; what do they accuse you of stealing?"

Rastus—"Oh, a mule and a few chickens and a hog or two."

Getting On.

"How's your son getting on in college?"

"Great. They put him in as a pinch hitter the other day and he cleared the bases with a three-bagger."

Common.

Mr. Grump (with newspaper)—"Here's an odd case—a woman marries one man thinking he is another."

Mrs. Grump—"What's odd about that? Women are doing that all the time."

Misleading Evidence.

Gentleman (engaging groom)—"Are you married?"

Groom—"No, sir. I was thrown agin a barbed-wire fence and got my face scratched!"

Puzzled.

Willie—"Pop, what are 'ancestors?'"

Father—"Well, I'm one of yours—your granddad is another."

Willie—"Oh! But why is it that folks brag about them?"

Only One Way.

"Do you think it is possible to make an airship absolutely safe?"

"Sure," replied the mechanician.

"How?"

"Disable it before it gets a chance to leave the ground."

Wonderful.

Dubbleigh—"Your little dog barked at me but stopt when I looked him in the eye. Do you suppose he noticed my presence of mind?"

Miss Kleen—"Possibly. They say animals often see things that human beings can not."

Over the Counter.

On a business trip to the city a farmer decided to take home to his wife a Christmas present of a shirtwaist. Going into a store and being directed to the waist department, he asked the lady clerk to show him some.

"What bust?" asked she.

The farmer looked around quickly and answered: "I don't know; I didn't hear anything."

Hall's Canker and Diphtheria Remedy

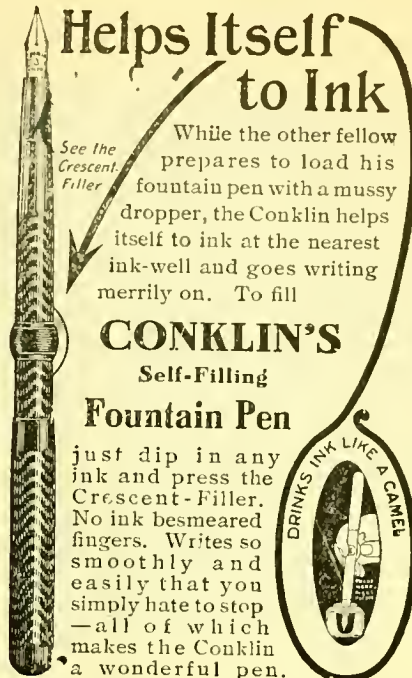
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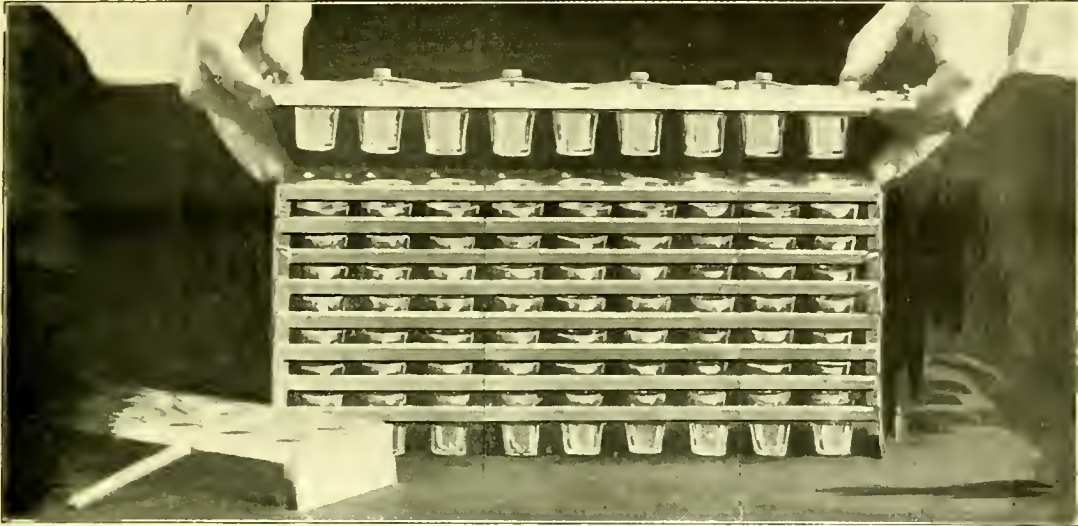
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